No. 746
Friday
20 July '90

PRIVATE EYE

70p

RIDLEY SACKED

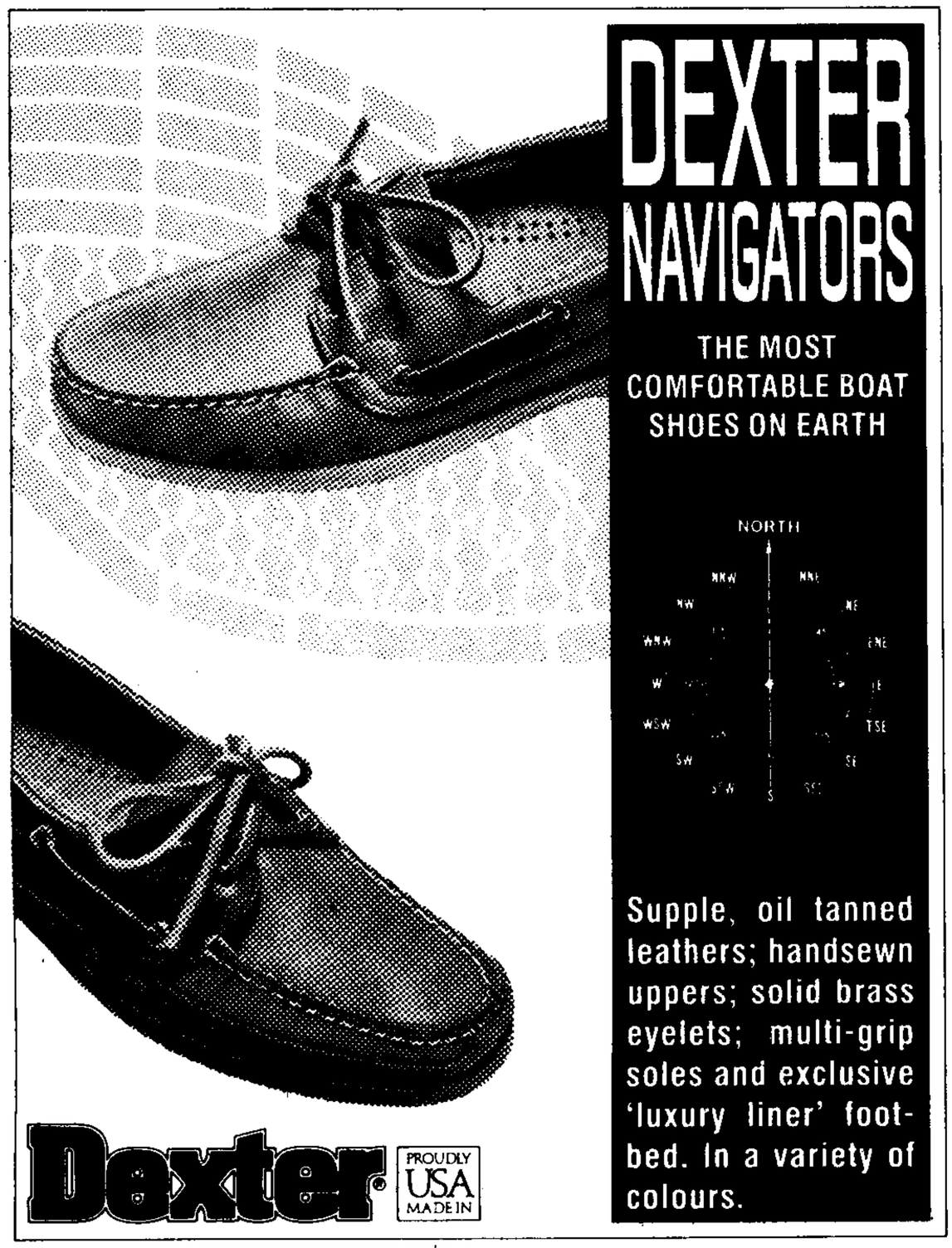
CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS (15)

"HIS BEST MOVIE SINCE HANNAH AND HER SISTERS...BEAUTIFULLY DIRECTED, SCRIPTED AND ACTED... BE SURE TO PLACE IT STRAIGHT ON YOUR LIST." DEREK MALCOLM COSMOPOLITAN

CAROLINE AARON ALAN ALDA WOODY ALLEN CLAIRE BLOOM MIA FARROW
JOANNA GLEASON ANJELICA HUSTON MARTIN LANDAU JENNY NICHOLS JERRY ORBACH SAM WATERSTON

A JACK ROLLINS AND CHARLES H. JOFFE PRODUCTION "CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS"
CASTING BY JULIET TAYLOR
COSTUME DESIGNER JEFFREY KURLAND
EDITOR SUSAN E. MORSE A.C.E.
PRODUCTION DESIGNER SANTO LOQUASTO
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY SVEN NYKVIST A.S.C.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JACK ROLLINS AND CHARLES H. JOFFE
PRODUCED BY ROBERT GREENHUT
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY WOODY ALLEN
Color by DeLuxe®
AN ORION® PICTURES Release
© 1989 ORION PICTURES CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Released by Rank Film Distributors Ltd.

EXCLUSIVE PRESENTATION
FROM FRIDAY JULY 27th ODEON HAYMARKET (071) 839 7697
Sep. Progs. Daily 12.15, 2.45, 5.30, 8.15pm. Late Shows – Friday and Saturday 11.15pm.



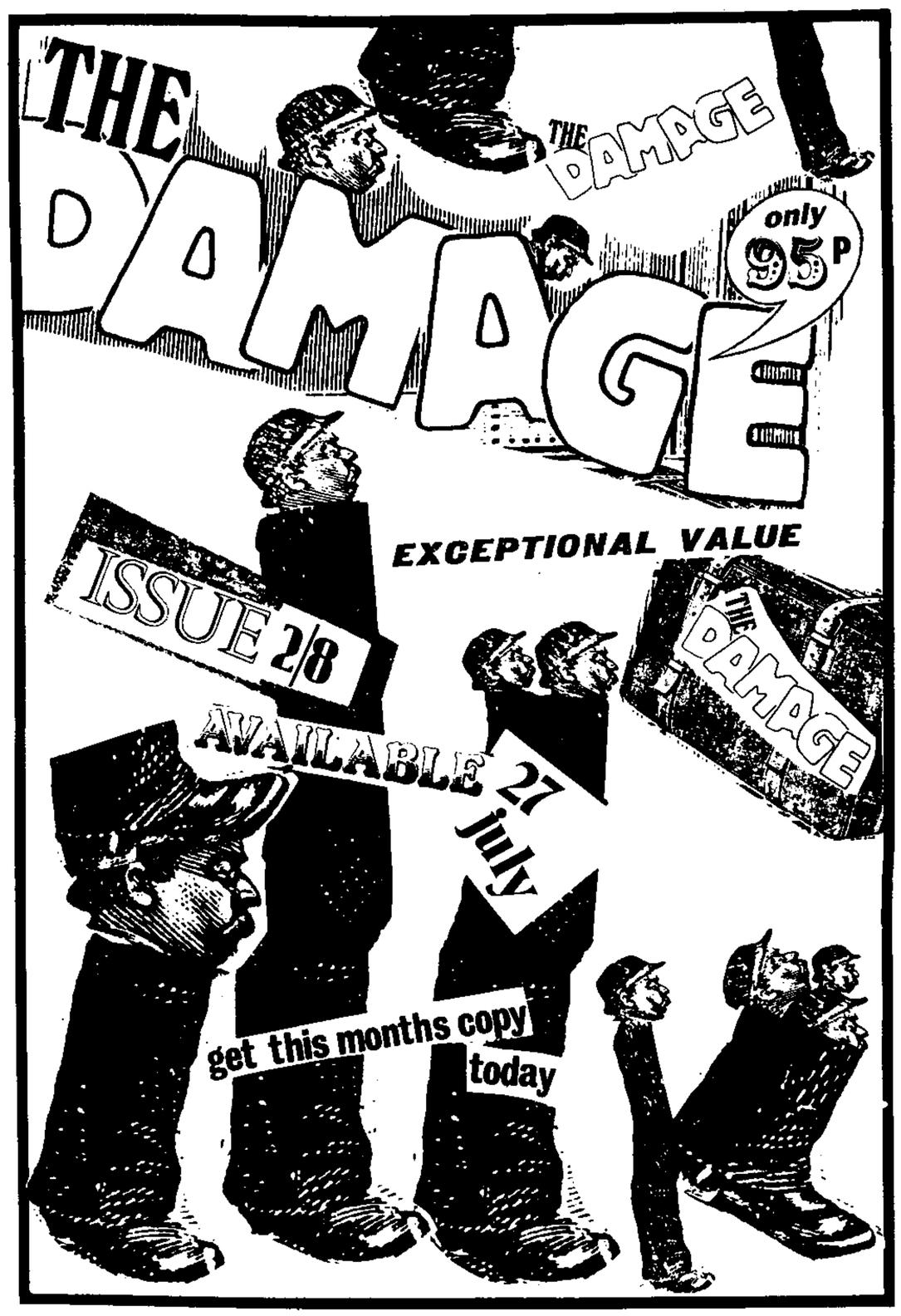
DEXTER NAVIGATORS

THE MOST COMFORTABLE BOAT SHOES ON EARTH

Supple, oil tanned leathers; handsewn uppers; solid brass eyelets; multi-grip soles and exclusive 'luxury liner' foot-bed. In a variety of colours.

Dexter® PROUDLY USA MADE IN

London Graduate, The Natural Shoe Stores, Harrods, J. Simons, Quincy; **Twickenham** BUC; **Watford** Lui Menswear; **Bath** Charles Ashley; **Birmingham** Kurt Geiger, Rackhams; **Bristol** Fenice; **Cardiff** Woodies; **Glasgow** The Natural Shoe Store; **Guernsey C.I.** Celaro; **Jersey C.I.** Marc Shoes; **Norwich** Ward & Wright; **Oxford** Macs-A-Million; **Peterborough** Reims; **Salcombe, Devon** Salcombe Chandlers; **Tunbridge Wells** Weekes & Co.
Distributors: Central Trade Ltd, Avonmore Place, London W14 8RW. Tel. 071-371 6554.



No actor gets into 'The Bill' until he's been out on the beat.

Before De Niro starred in 'Raging Bull' he took boxing lessons.

Before Hoffman made 'Tootsie' he went out on the street in women's clothes.

And before any actors get parts in 'The Bill', we like to send them out on the beat to experience life in the police force.

It's not that we're devotees of method acting.

It's just that we believe there's no substitute for experiencing the real thing - if, that is, you want to portray the real thing.

When we started the programme in 1984 we felt strongly that there were too many glamorised cop shows on TV.

Today there still are; but 'The Bill' is not, nor ever has been, one of them.

It's about police work. Not policemen's or women's love lives.

And it depicts what life on the force is really like, not some exquisitely lit Armani-clad fantasy.

The overall effect is rather like that of a documentary seen from the police point of view.

You'll seldom, if ever, see the 'Bill' team pitting their wits against slick, international jewel-thieves or deadly, drug-dealing mafiosi.

Mostly, they pit their wits against everyday life on the streets with all its trials and tribulations.

And making sure they deal with it strictly according to police procedure are our two police advisors: one ex-uniform, the other ex-CID.

But it's not just our actors who have to steep themselves in police culture. We also expect the same of our writers.

Of course, none of this 'TV-verité' would be of any consequence if the sets or locations were less than convincing.

Which is why we built our own fully operational police station.

But is our policy of total realism - what we call beat credibility - really worth the effort? That, of course, is for you the viewer to judge.

(With a regular audience of around 13 million it would appear to be paying off.)

We've had very few complaints from the police themselves.

In fact, many of them are dedicated 'Bill' watchers.

So the next time you see WPC Ackland, PC Quinnan or PC Garfield walking the beat on the box remember, they've already been there.

THAMES TELEVISION

And just like genuine bobbies, they've got the blisters to prove it.

THAMES. A TALENT FOR TELEVISION

DOWN'S SYNDROME ASSOCIATION
Reg. Charity 265812

EYE NEED MONEY NOW!

☐ Eye enclose a private donation

☐ Eye would like more information

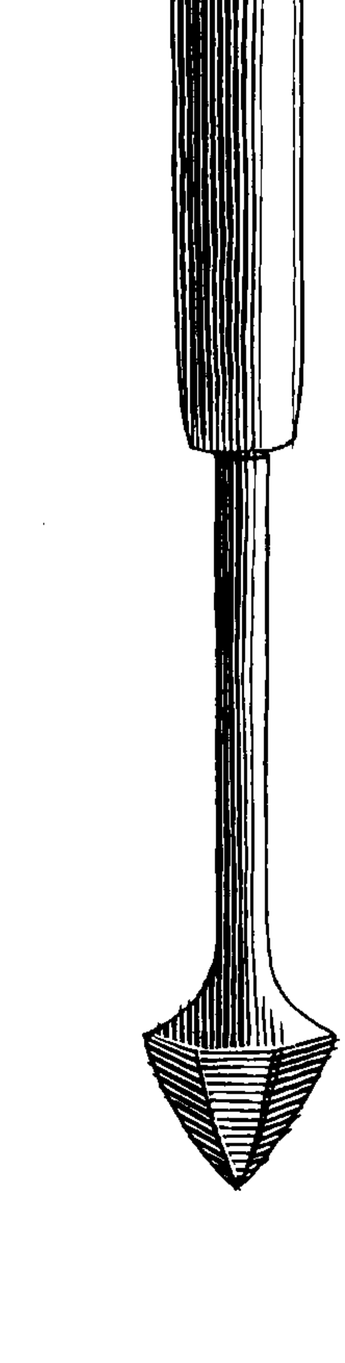
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

Please send to: DOWN'S SYNDROME ASSOCIATION
FREEPOST
LONDON SW4 7BR.

Make mine a dibble.



A hillside in Galicia,
in Spain's northwest,
has recently caught the eyes of the Directors of The Macallan Malt Whisky as a possible site for a grove of 'Macallan' oak trees.

The tender shoots, when they appear, will simply reflect The Macallan's solitary adherence to the principles of *exclusive maturation in oaken sherry casks.*

(To those who know, no other method produces quite the same rotundities of flavour.)

The idea is that, every year when timber is removed from other, older groves to make casks for the sherry bodegas, new oaklets would be added to *The Macallan plantation,* thus ensuring continuity and natural recrudescence.

It is pleasant to reflect that out of such green considerations should come *such a festival of gold.*

The Macallan. The Malt.

Gnome

I AM delighted to announce that telephone charges will be going up by a hefty 11.8 per cent this year, which is well above the rate of inflation and represents a genuine rise in price in real terms.

As Chairman of British Telegnom I am equally delighted to record that Telegnom last year made a profit of a whopping £3 billion.

These are the kind of results that I hope will finally silence the moaning minnies in the opposition camp who claim that privatization has been a failure.

The old decrepit public monopoly has been transformed under my expert management into a new dynamic private monopoly.

The figures speak for themselves: healthy profits for shareholders and a healthy price rise to make sure that they stay that way in the future.

What more can the public want?

E Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Telecon House
London
BT NBG

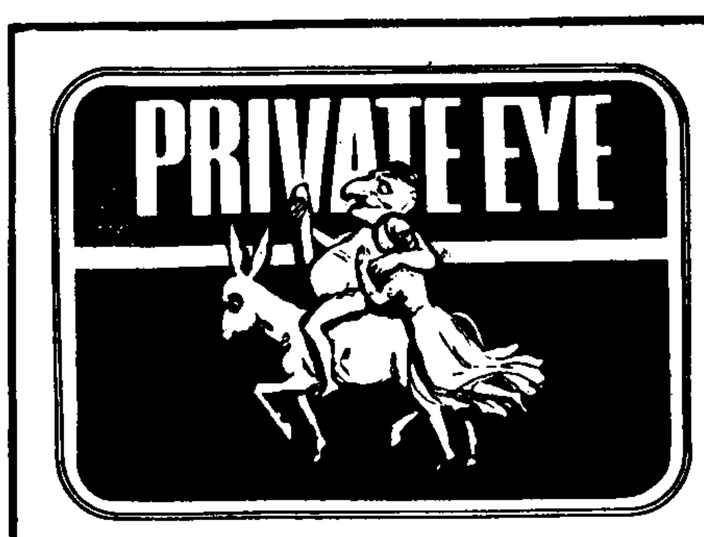
If you have any complaints about British Telegnom please phone 071-8732 8471. The calls will be charged to your account at the special rate of £7,304 per minute.

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£13 per annum. Europe and Eire £19
Elsewhere: Surface £19 Air £24
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 — 071-228 0588
Fax: 071-924 3719



COLOUR SECTION

GOD'S POLICEMAN Sir James Anderton, chief constable of Greater Manchester, has a big problem.

He has announced his "intention" to bring in an outside force to investigate the role of his force in the prosecution of Kevin Taylor, a formerly prosperous businessman and close friend of Manchester's ex-deputy chief constable, John Stalker. But very few senior officers have volunteered for the job. Indeed the bearded gospeller Anderton is finding it extremely hard to find a reputable chief constable to take it on.

The reason seems to have been the heavy circulation in chief constables' offices of Kevin Taylor's recent book, *The Poisoned Tree*. This book accuses Greater Manchester police from top to bottom of a criminal conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. In case there is any doubt about it, the book proceeds to name the senior officers mainly responsible for the conspiracy. Among them is Anderton himself.

Because of the wide-ranging nature of the allegations, no inquiry would be acceptable to the public, nor even to the Director of Public Prosecutions, whose role in the Taylor affair has been to pass the buck wherever possible, unless it is headed up by a chief constable, and an extremely senior chief constable at that. Since Manchester is the biggest provincial force in the country, there are those who say that only the commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Peter Imbert, has the necessary seniority to run such an inquiry. Sir Peter, however, will have nothing to do with it.

Another automatic choice for Anderton — the West Yorkshire Police — are also unlikely to oblige. Assistant chief constable Donald Shaw, whose bovine behaviour in the inquiry into John Stalker in 1986 is well documented in Stalker's book, is already heavily engaged in an investigation into the West Midlands' disgraced and disbanded serious crime squad.

Meanwhile the Kevin Taylor book continues to sell — though not very well. There appears to have been an organised attempt to keep it off the reviewers' pages. Those few who have read it may be surprised at the failure of a single one of the Manchester detectives named to issue a writ for libel. It seems odd that a readable book published by a reputable and wealthy publisher — Sidgwick and Jackson — can allege openly that at least five senior police officers set about a conspiracy to wreck a man's reputation — in the process wasting about £10 million of public money and 50 years of police time — and not a single one of the officers feels his reputation has been damaged enough to issue a writ.

Come on Anderton, Topping, Stephenson, Ware and others — where are your writs?

KEITH CANNELL (Letters, *Eye* 744) writes that the UK Government would not bow to pressure such as that disclosed in an earlier *Eye* — a threat from Fords that unless they were allowed to take over Jaguar they would stop investment in Britain.

But has Mr Cannell read the very interesting letter from the then chairman of Fords in 1978, Terence Beckett, to the secretary of the Price Commission? The letter (which is in the Ford archive) seems to be saying that if the UK division of Ford was denied a price rise, or investigated by the commission. Ford would have to think very carefully about any further future investment in the UK.

The Labour government at the time responded sympathetically. The price rise was conceded and all investigations were diverted into a trivial inquiry into motor parts. Terence Beckett became a knight that same year and went on to become chairman of the Confederation of British Industry.

FAMILIES of the victims of the Lockerbie disaster who are pressing for a public inquiry (and are now being allowed, in moderation, to attend the fatal accident inquiry in Scotland in the autumn) might be interested to look up the records of the Air New Zealand plane disaster of 1979.

The chief inspector of air accidents in New Zealand, a Mr R. Chippindale, carried out an inquiry into the disaster which was rather similar in scope to the fatal accident inquiry scheduled for Lockerbie. Mr Chippindale's report was a comprehensive whitewash of Air New Zealand and the New Zealand ministry of transport. The blame was heaped on the unfortunate pilot.

The families campaigned vigorously against the government for a more thorough inquiry and one was eventually set up under Judge Peter Mahon. Mahon turned out to be a ruthless and meticulous investigator, and eventually brought out a report which put the blame for the disaster fairly and squarely where it belonged — on the airline and the government.

The judge's investigations were blocked again and again by the government. He was refused permission, for instance, to interview the radio operator who was on duty in the Antarctic at the time of the crash.

Aspects of the case went to the Court of Appeal where the judges were very hostile to their colleague, and again to the Privy Council where Mahon was at first obstructed and later vindicated. The whole case shows how easy it is for a formal investigation to cover up the truth and how sensitive governments and airlines are when they are accused of not protecting passengers properly.

VETERAN *Evening Standard* **hack David Skan will be away from his desk for some time following his astonishing performance during the Henley Regatta a fortnight ago.**

Skan's marathon bender began on the Wednesday, when he took himself off to Henley and partook rather too greedily of the treats on offer in the refreshment tent. He enjoyed himself so much, indeed, that he somehow forgot to go to bed on Wednesday night.

The next morning he rang the *Standard* and told them he was "off sick". Nevertheless, he still managed to keep his lunchtime engagement that day, with ex-*Tatler* editor Emma Soames, at a wine bar called Tumblers in High Street Kensington.

The lunch was not a great success: the divine Emma became weary of Skan's Peter Langan-style behaviour and walked out on him.

Undaunted, the thirsty hack staggered down the road to the Greyhound, a pub favoured by *Standard* and *Mail* staff, where he downed a few restorative glasses of wine. He then left on all fours, crawling into the street outside where he was eventually found by the police lying on top of a woman in the gutter.

Inspector Knacker promptly arrested Skan and threw him into the cells at Kensington nick to sober up. Meanwhile, however, word of his detention had reached his employers, who told the *Standard*'s crime hack, Gervase Webb, to find out what had happened. The rozzers' reply to Webb's inquiry was brief: "Mr Skan is *disgustingly* drunk."

When he was finally released from custody, Skan was offered a choice by editor John Leese. Either he could be sacked on the spot with a year's salary (£30,000-plus) as a tax-free leaving present; or he would be compulsorily sent to a "drying out clinic" at Associated Newspaper's expense, to remain there until he was fit to resume his usual less-than-arduous duties (commissioning the odd article from time to time).

Fearful that he might be unemployable elsewhere if he left the protective bosom of Lord Harmsworth, Skan chose the latter. He is now on a strict regime of Malvern water and carrot juice.

MEANWHILE *Getsmuchworse* **hacks goggle in disbelief at the continuing survival of Parry's colleague, Craig Mackenzie, who rejoices in the title of features editor but is usually referred to as "The Bouncing Bog-Brush" thanks to his peculiar hairstyle and lavatorial demeanour.**

Craig, whose main claim to fame is that he is Kelvin Mackenzie's brother, is a man of no discernible journalistic talent. He was obliged to leave the *Sun* after costing the paper £1 million with his "Elton John in Coke-Snorting Rent-Boy Orgy" fiasco. Since being installed as features supremo at the *Getsmuchworse* last year he has devoted much of his energy to persecuting his staff.

The first to be driven out was feature writer Philippa Kennedy (*Eye* 737). Last week he sacked his deputy, Colin Margerison, whose crime was that he was too "reasonable" and "workmanlike". Now Craig has begun hounding hackette Sue Johnson, apparently uninhibited by the fact that she is pregnant.

"The whole place is in rebellion against this monster," wailed one *Expressman* last week. So why does editor "Sir" Nick Lloyd continue to protect Bog-Brush? It seems the two men are golfing partners and, under some obscure quasi-Masonic code of honour, Lloyd believes you must always help a man with whom you have teed off.

It remains to be seen whether the paper's owner, Lord Stevens, will be so tolerant when he learns how much Mackenzie's antics are costing. The pay-off to Colin Margerison, he might be interested to know, came to more than £50,000.

JUST before he disappeared to Sardinia to watch the World Cup, the *Daily Express*'**s dim-witted news editor Mike Parry despatched a stern memo to his hacks. "For the second time in six months," he complained, "a reporter has been unable to depart immediately on a foreign trip because the individuals concerned have been without their passport."**

He continued, grandly: "We are one of the worlds [*sic*] biggest newspapers and we should act like professionals, not amateurs, at all times. If the third occasion occurs of a reporter not being able to travel because they [*sic*] do not have their passports with them, it will be regarded as an extremely serious matter."

Alas! Only days later an *Express* hack found himself trapped in Italy without a passport after a *contretemps* with the local *carabiniere*, as reported in the last *Eye*. Yet, strangely, he has still not been disciplined or even rebuked by Mike Parry.

Perhaps this is because the hack in question was Parry himself.

ON 4 JULY the *Coventry Evening Telegraph* **printed a long feature puffing a four-bedroomed house in Beechwood Avenue, Coventry, which was on the market for £355,000 — a king's ransom in that part of the world.**

Illustrated with fetching photographs of the property, the article went into raptures about the "suite in whisper grey comprising toilet, wash basin and shower cubicle", the "coal effect gas fire" and much else. The paper reported that the owners, "Geoff Elliott and his wife Lyn", were only selling this des. res. because they were moving to Hampshire. There were several quotes from Geoff, waxing lyrical about the house's "charm and style".

By an amazing coincidence, the editor of the *Coventry Evening Telegraph* is also called Geoff Elliott and is married to a woman called Lyn. More amazingly still, they live in Beechwood Avenue and are shortly to move to Portsmouth, Hampshire, where Geoff is to edit the local paper.

Mr Elliott, an ex-member of the International Socialists, is a self-appointed guardian of press morals. Are these two gentlemen by any chance related?

WHILE THEIR boss Robert Warren was away on holiday, *News of the Screws* **newsdesk pair Alex Marunchek and Greg Myskow, known affectionately as "The Rottweilers", were hoping for a big scoop: an exclusive from Bangkok where chanteuse Nicci Brightman, sister of Sarah, was thought to be eking out a poverty stricken existence singing in a hookers' den.**

Reporter Hugh Dehn was despatched to get the dirt on Nicci or alternatively to get the dirt on her sister's marriage to Andrew Lloyd Webber. "Offer her 20 Gs," said Marunchek, known as Rot. "Payment on publication."

"If that fails," added Myskow, known as Grot, "get someone to offer her two hundred quid for a fuck. They're all at it out there, aren't they?"

Dehn arrived in Bangkok with a snapper and wire machine to find the young girl singing in the Bamboo Bar of the Oriental Hotel, one of the most lavish hotels in the world. Not only that, but she had been tipped off about his arrival. Before Dehn even had time to make his disgusting offer, Ms Brightman approached him in the bar and said: "You're Hugh Dehn of the *News of the World*, aren't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Good, now piss off."

So who tipped off young Nicci? Strangely the finger of suspicion points to the *Screws*' own features department, who had planned a similar story but had it taken out of their hands.

Dehn meanwhile left the bar with a bevy of Thai waitresses bowing and waving and saying "Goodbye Mr Hugh. Have a nice time in Bangkok." He was last seen taking his *NoW* cash to a less respectable part of town.

THERE CAN be few finer examples of the unfair treatment meted out to the Labour Party by a hostile press than two recent reports concerning Colin Byrne, the party's chief press officer, and a bunny rabbit.

Byrne, recently disappointed in his bid to take over Peter Mandelson's job as Labour's campaign chief (the post went to telly hack John Underwood) was disturbed to read in the *Scotsman*'s diary at the end of June that he kept a white rabbit called Clytemnestra — one of a special designer breed — who like to eat the hair-gelled Byrne's designer ties.

Byrne was even more unhappy when flea-bitten "Black Dog" in the dismal *Mail on Sunday* lifted the story virtually word for word and ran it a week later. As he pointed out to the *MoS*'s recycling experts, the beast was a *black* dwarf rabbit called Consuela that belonged to a friend and ate his jeans, not his ties. Otherwise the *Mail* story was spot on.

Apology — Tom McGurk

IN OUR issue of 27 April we published an item about *Mail on Sunday* feature writer Tom McGurk which suggested that he had deceived his employers and readers of the paper by pretending to have spent several days in Honduras covering "The Banana War", when in fact he had been there for a matter of hours and invented most of the article in the comfort of his own home. We now fully accept that there is no truth whatsoever in these allegations. We also accept that Mr McGurk spent five days in Honduras on this story and two days travelling there and back. We unreservedly apologise to Mr McGurk for any distress caused.

The DIRTY DIGGER
WHY ARE YOU HAVING YOUR MEMOIRS PUBLISHED BY WEIDENFELD INSTEAD OF YOUR OWN...
BECAUSE MY PUBLISHING COMPANIES ARE SUPPOSED TO MAKE MONEY!
Tit

NOTHING proves the old adage that what Mrs Thatcher is planning for tomorrow appeared in a *Sun* leader yesterday than the remarkable story of the Government's attitude to the World Cup.

Thatcher utterly detests football which she sees as a focus for working class hooligans. She would prefer it if there were no football matches at all, but concedes reluctantly that matches should take place provided no one watches them who might disagree with the result. This is the theme of her legislation to stop any supporters going to matches — a policy which has no support among anyone who enjoys football but which is enthusiastically supported by the diminutive former coxswain Colin Moynihan, minister of sport, who will do anything Thatcher wants him to.

The only other Tory MP known to support Thatcher's plans for football even more energetically than Moynihan is David Evans, the former cleaning contractor who made his name with a vigorous "free enterprise" speech at the Tory Party conference in 1980, went on to get the contract for cleaning streets in (Tory) Southend, sold up for more than a million and became chairman of Luton Town Football Club and Tory MP for Welwyn.

Thatcher and Co decided that the World Cup would be the occasion for a *coup de grace* against the football supporters who were still nagging her about her legislation. She was especially anxious to counter-attack after Lord Justice Taylor had made an awful mess of her proposals in his report on the Hillsborough disaster. Her plans were based on a campaign, during and after the cup matches, to ensure that British club teams were kept out of Europe. They were based on two racing certainties:

1 That the England team, under the faithful but futile Tory, Bobby Robson, would have a catastrophic run in the cup; and

2 That English football hooliganism, greatly assisted by standard over-the-top behaviour of the Sardinian police, would excel itself.

Right from the start the pathetic Moynihan put out statements of "anger and regret" about the behaviour of the English fans in Italy. He referred on one occasion to "the effluent element" among the supporters. At the same time, Thatcher's office put it about that Moynihan was too mealy-mouthed and that he should be replaced by David Evans.

Her big moment came when England drew 1-1 with Ireland, a result which Thatcher and her *Sun* advisers saw as a degrading capitulation to the IRA. Two days after the result the *Sun* ran a leader on its front page entitled: BRING THE BOYS HOME. The key passage read:

"Maggie Thatcher had hinted that if drunken fans get out of hand she would call the team home. Don't wait Mrs T. We can't face another night like that."

Then things started to go wrong. Despite the valiant efforts of the Sardinian police, the fans stubbornly refused to be provoked and kept to their hotels. The gangs of hacks sent out by the indignant press to report on the violence were frustrated; England won a match and then another. The Thatcher strategy came to an abrupt halt.

Then one of the prime minister's least-observed characteristics was brought into play: her opportunism. No sooner was her aim deflected than she changed it. Suddenly she became a great football fan. Her Press Office reported that she "was dying to meet Gazza" (who, needless to say, had started the championship as the epitome of everything oikish which Thatcher hated abut football.) There was no more talk of promoting David Evans; British clubs were welcomed back into Europe; and the success of the English team and its fans became overnight a success which could fairly and decently be claimed by the Thatcher Government.

HOW DOES Cecil Parkinson survive the withering criticism of his colleagues about his appalling cock-up over electricity privatisation?

Those interested in the answer should study the very close friendship between Parkinson and the Thatcher family. It is not just that they genuinely like the man — he also helps them out whenever he can.

For instance when Pitney Bowes, the franking machine specialists, wanted to open a new plant in Borehamwood, Hertfordshire, the dashing local MP was quickly on hand to grace the ceremony with the usual smarmy smile.

Pitney Bowes, *Eye* readers will recall, has had some trouble in the past with the Monopolies Commission, having been criticised for ignoring promises made to the commission. This was all rather embarrassing at No 10, where Denis Thatcher was at the time (he resigned from the board this March) a director of Pitney Bowes.

A CLUE to Margaret Thatcher's real feelings over the Ridley affair is provided by the strange behaviour of Michael Forsyth, the ultra right-wing chairman of the Scottish Tories.

Forsyth (*Eyes passim*), who was personally selected by Thatch to teach the Scots a few momentarist lessons, desperately parrots her views. His statement that Ridley's "talents and contribution are needed in cabinet" and subsequent regret at the resignation broke the Tory ranks but will doubtless meet with his Leaderene's tacit approval.

Unlike other Tory MPs, Forsyth need have no fears about the repercussions of speaking out of turn. Apart from this special friendship with No 10, Forsyth enjoys the full confidence of Michael Fallon, the robotic occupant of the whip's office specialising in keeping Scottish MPs in line.

Fallon is a long-time admirer of Forsyth, both having attended the monetarist bastion of St Andrew's university before rising through the ranks of the now defunct Federation of Conservative Students. Such is Fallon's dedication to promoting the Forsyth-Thatcher line (regardless of the views of wet Scottish secretary Malcolm Rifkind) that MPs have dubbed him "Luca Brazzi", after the Corleone family hitman in *The Godfather*. Quite who his next hit will be is something Rifraff and others will ponder at length.

'Backbiter'

100 YEARS AGO

THE NEW BOYS (53)

Peter Lilley

THE new Conservative Member for St Albans, Peter Lilley (42), is a pathologically discreet swot whose disproportionate cranium gives him the appearance of a Thunderbirds puppet. A profound believer in the elixir of pure monetarism, he probably regards the Leaderene as a "wet", but would never be caught saying so.

WHEN THE United States invaded Panama all the armed forces wanted a piece of the action. Faced with threats to the hugely expensive stealth fighter programme, the US air force decided to send in the flying white elephants against the Panamanians.

Afterwards defence secretary Dick Cheney boasted about the "pin-point accuracy of the bombing". It has taken a year to reveal that the bombs were hundreds of yards off-target.

Unfortunately the first casualty of this war was not truth, although it ran a close second; it was the large number of Panamanian civilians killed by the US invasion — fatalities the Pentagon still finds itself "unable" to count. On the other hand it has admitted that not a few of its own casualties came from "friendly" gunfire.

"Don't try anything"

THE SONIA SUTCLIFFE STORY

A FOUNDATION has been set up on the initiative of the *Sunday Times* in honour of Ian Parry, a photographer who was killed in a plane crash over Romania while covering the recent troubles there. The short career of Ian Parry offers a mixed example to any photographer or journalist who plans to make a career in the modern British press.

Ian Parry came to London not long ago from North Wales. Before long he was working shifts on the *Mail on Sunday*. It was there that he met the *Mail*'s chief reporter, Barbara Jones.

In the spring of 1988, Barbara Jones accompanied Sonia Sutcliffe, the wife of the Yorkshire Ripper, on a holiday in Greece. While Jones and Sutcliffe were together on a secluded beach, Parry managed to snap some pictures of Mrs Sutcliffe in her swimsuit. He sold the pictures to the *News of the World* the following October for a sum believed to be not a million pounds less than £3,000.

Parry told his friends that he had found out on the grapevine that his colleague Barbara Jones was going on holiday to Greece. He had, he said, on his own initiative followed the two women and photographed them without their consent or knowledge so that he could sell the pictures at a profit to another newspaper. Barbara Jones, he insisted, new nothing about his coup.

Parry offered another set of pictures of Mrs Sutcliffe taken at the same time to the *Daily Mirror*. The *Mirror* at first refused but eventually bought some of the same set from Rex Features, an agency that was handling them for Parry.

In December 1988 the *News of the World* published another set of pictures involving Mrs Sutcliffe. These concerned a man called George Papoutsis, a travel guide, who had met Mrs Sutcliffe on her visit to Greece. The *News of the World* was contacted by Rex Features who said it wanted to sell a "fantastic story" about Mr Papoutsis.

The story was that George had come to Britain for a trade fair and had shown a fellow visitor to the fair a picture of a woman he had met in Greece. The visitor had exclaimed: "That's the wife of the Ripper." George, it was claimed by Rex, was a "lookalike" of the Ripper. Moreover, Rex claimed, it had pictures of the "lookalike" with Sonia Sutcliffe's family. Rex Features announced that the pictures and the story were for sale at an extravagant price and that George was available for interview.

The *News of the World* (editor: Wendy Henry) was duped. Two staff reporters were sent to interview George. When he confirmed the story it was splashed all over the front page. Sonia Sutcliffe sued the *News of the World* subsequently. Ian Parry always claimed he had had nothing to do with the "lookalike" story, but he was never able to explain why during his "trade visit" George Papoutsis kept ringing Parry's flat and anxiously asking for his "share of the money".

Rex was paid £25,000 for this story — which was a complete hoax. Mrs Sutcliffe *had* met George in Greece and had asked him into her house when he visited her — believing this to be a visit of chance acquaintances she had made in Greece. Neither she nor the *News of the World* had any notion that the hoax had been plotted all along to get money from the newspapers.

The strangest thing about the £25,000 is that £23,500 of it was paid by Rex to Barbara Jones of the *Mail on Sunday*. Quite how a *Mail on Sunday* journalist came to be getting money for a story in the *News of the World* has not yet been explained. Even stranger is the fact that Ian Parry appears to have been in on the "George" story from the start and to have received his cut from Rex Features.

On 2 July Barbara Jones was joined to the writ against the *News of the World* by Mrs Sutcliffe.

Serving her with the appropriate papers proved difficult as it seems she was a little reluctant to come forward. Indeed, a process server had to masquerade as a florist to get access to her at the *Mail on Sunday*. When he handed Ms Jones the flowers, he also served her with the writ.

Grovel

TO Doughty Street for the *Spectator*'s summer revels, where once again it is my pleasant duty to judge the entries for the *Eye*'s annual "Drunkest Person at the *Spectator* Party" award.

Last year's winner, Paul "Loonybins" Johnson, makes no attempt to keep the title and nor, I'm sorry to see, do the obvious challengers — Christopher Hitchens and Stan Gebler Davies — live up to expectations.

My comely friend Emma Soames puts in a spirited performance, giggling and reeling through the shrubbery, but in the end there is only one possible winner: Britain's most distinguished novelist, playwright and columnist, Keith Waterhouse.

In the early hours of the following morning I espy Waterhouse still hard at work by the door of the Groucho Club in Dean Street. He is crawling around on all fours, waving his shaggy white mane and roaring like a lion. "Grrr! Grrr!" growls the great author. I buy him a drink and tiptoe away.

● *A QUITE ridiculous story reaches me from across the pond concerning Dan Quayle, US vice-president and colossus of twentieth century statesmanship.*

As if draft-dodging were not embarrassing enough, it is now being claimed that brave Danny boy was a regular purchaser of exotic smoking material when he was a student.

This absurd tale first came to light shortly before the presidential election when a prisoner called Brett Kimberlin announced to anyone who would listen that he had often sold "gear" to Dan at university.

For his troubles — and just four days before the polls opened — the madman Kimberlin was slapped in solitary on the direct orders of the director of prisons, J Michael Quinlan. This avoided any unpleasantness that such a cruel fabrication might have caused the Bush-Quayle dream ticket.

TO A PREVIEW of *The Rocky Horror Show* at the Piccadilly Theatre where I am invited, along with the rest of the audience, to join in the show's famous pelvic-thrusting Time Warp dance routine.

Gently releasing the velcro tension strap on my Gnomemart surgical support, I arise gingerly and prepare to Time Warp when I am interrupted by an altercation between the heavily pregnant lady a few seats along from me and a disagreeable harpie in front of her.

The mother-to-be is being severely impaired in her movements by the woman who insists on perching on the very top of her seat. Despite repeated protestations and an appeal from the pregnant one's husband, the harpie refuses to budge and snaps: "I have not come here to stand up for two hours."

Who, I wondered, could be so ungracious at such a jolly gathering? I am sad to report that it is none other than the insane former junior health minister, Edwina Currie.

The Café de Paris

WE HAVE been asked to make it clear that the recent announcement that the Café de Paris is to close had no connection with last month's musical evening hosted in the Café de Paris by bow-tied "Song and Dance Man" Christopher Silvester.

Pseuds Corner

In 1945, we had a memorial service at Charterhouse School for the Rt Hon and Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, DD, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, who had been *ex officio* chairman of our governing body. He had indeed been a useful chairman. When there was a proposal to commandeer the school buildings for some military purpose in 1940, he telephoned his friend Anthony Eden and persuaded him to stop it.

I had to read the lesson. It was not for nothing that my mother had trained me in Shakespearean elocution, to breathe from the pit of one's stomach and produce the voice as though through the forehead. I made the most of "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" From behind a pillar there came a muffled sob from one of the more sentimental members of the teaching staff, overcome by the pure, bell-like tones with which I pronounced the words of St Paul.

WILLIAM REES-MOGG
Independent

I can remember sitting down before we launched Virgin Atlantic and listing all the pros and cons. We decided that if we were going to be small then we had to be the best. One big sacrifice was myself, my own anonymity.

RICHARD BRANSON
The Campaign Report

ANTON MOSIMANN takes a sip from his *cappuccino* — a fine china cup of a headily aromatic brew with his trademark monogram etched artfully into the froth in powdered chocolate. We are sitting in the opulent surroundings of the Gucci Room at Mosimann's, his highly exclusive Belgravia dining club and he is preparing to expound to me the philosophy behind his art.

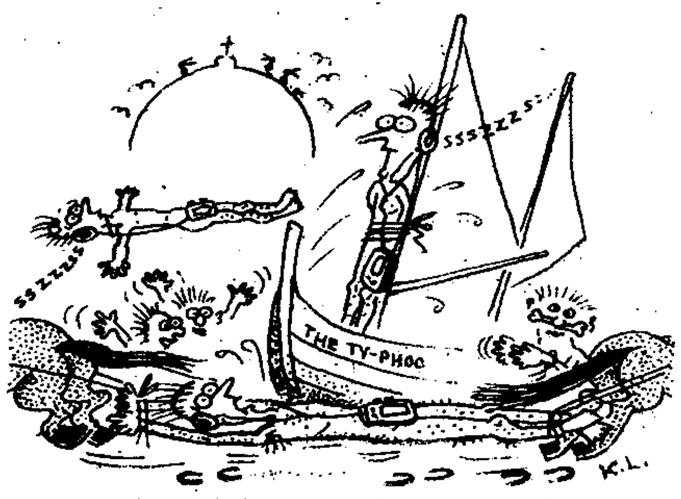
ROBIN LYNAM
Epicure Magazine

I am the sort of person who can never kill anything, not even a fly, without pausing, however briefly, to reflect on the meaning of life.

M. GOTTLIEB
Independent

But colleagues think him [Ben Elton] "a genius" because of the speed at which he works and what they call his inventiveness with language. One says: "He changes people's names so Hugh becomes Hodge and Stephen Stodge. It's tremendous. He invented Monty, which meant nothing at all. 'I gave it the full Monty', for example. Mention 'dog' and he immediately thinks of 20 things about dog."

Sunday Telegraph



I want to hear it laying naked on my back, at the stroke of midnight, on the cold floor beneath the dome of St Paul's Cathedral. I want to hear it lashed to the mainmast of a tea clipper ploughing round the 'Horn in a storm. I want to hear it as two teams of rippling black stallions tear me in half before a crowd of baying heathens..."

NEIL JEFFRIES (LP review)
Kerrang!

CONTRIBUTORS: E. Strobes, M.W. Fann, Peter Morris, Paul Webster, John Hart.

£10 paid for entries

HERE IS a delightful snapshot of the recent fashionable wedding in Siena between Geoffrey Wheatcroft and Sally Muir. My picture shows Lord Lampton *(right)*, one of the many distinguished guests, ordering a glass of Vino Tinto from an elderly Italian waiter.

● *TALKING of my old friend Lambton, he has been on the line from his Tuscany love-nest to complain about the antics of an unwanted visitor from England, a Mr Bruce Palling from the Tatler magazine.*

Since joining the mag last month, the Australian-born hack, late of the Independent, has mysteriously changed his name to "Studley Bruce Palling" because it sounds grander. The appalling Bruce — or "Studley" — invited himself to stay at Lord Lambton's villa to research a "profile" of the old Lothario and his behaviour on the first night gave a hint of what was in store.

When Lambton poured him a glass of 1969 Chianti Classico, Palling took one sip and pronounced it "undrinkable". "But don't worry, sport," the cheeky hack said, "I thought your cellar might be full of gnat's piss so I took the precaution of bringing some wine of my own." Whereupon he produced from his bag several bottles of '71 Beaune and '86 Condrieu.

Nor was that all. "He asked me if I had kippers for breakfast," Lambton tells me. "I said no. Then he asked my other house-guests if I had kippers for breakfast. They said no. Next I found that he had taken my cook out to dinner and was asking her if I had kippers for breakfast. What the dickens is he playing at?"

I can explain. Palling has persuaded himself that Lambton eats kippers every morning "to put some lead in his pencil".

ATTENDING a seminar on libel given by our illustrious Lord Chancellor, who has himself prompted a few advances in this particularly silly field of the law, I am disappointed that he has nothing further to add in his speech. The event is attended by scores of hugely rich libel lawyers, and the vote of thanks to Lord McKay is given by Peter Carter-Ruck, the wealthiest of them all.

I am sorry to say that Carter-Ruck's sycophantic oration has even this audience cringing in embarrassment. Of all the Lord Chancellors he has known, he says, McKay is the most wonderful.

Between passing the sick-bags, many of the audience decide that from now on the toadying libel lawyer should be known as Peter Carter-Suck. I, of course, refuse to join in this sort of cheap joke, and will only refer to this eminent figure by his real name — Carter-Fuck.

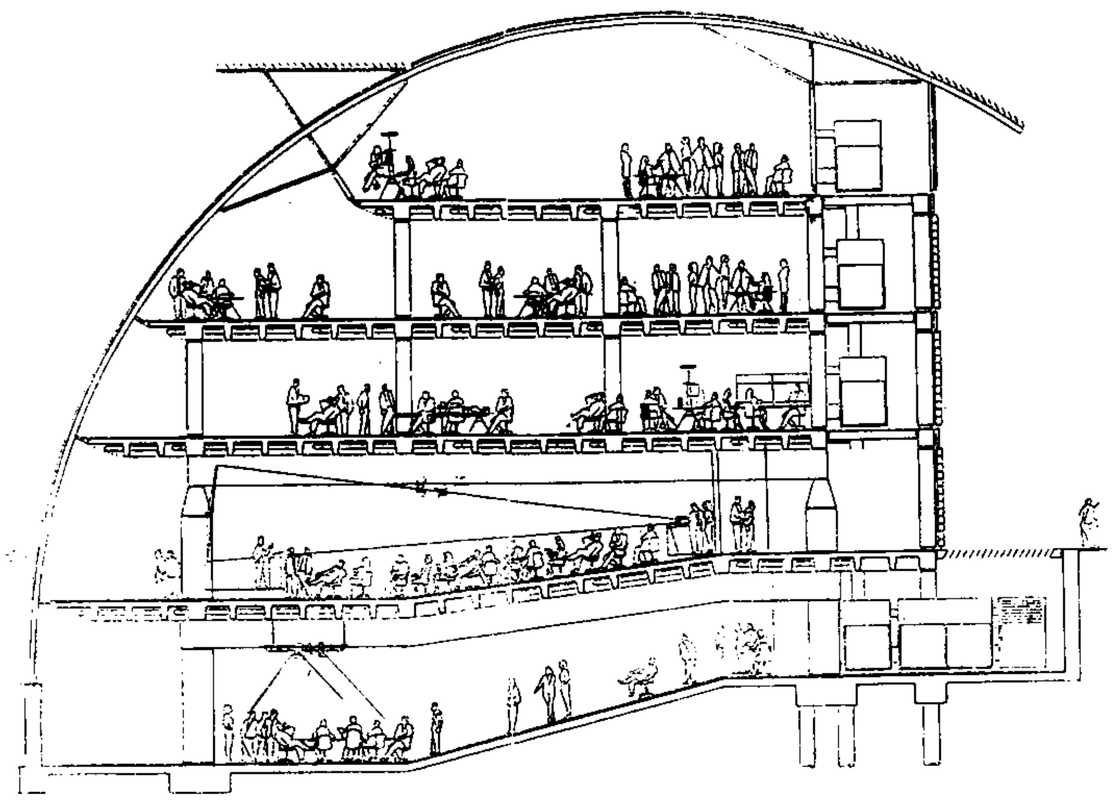
Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

KNIGHTED ARCHITECT! In the 1930s, for the likes of Robert Byron and John Betjeman, the description was simply pejorative. It implied a stuffy, establishment conservative who was quite happy to replace any old building, however beautiful, by one of his own creations. It meant, above all, Sir Herbert Baker.

And then a curious thing happened. As the young radicals of the thirties themselves became the architectural establishment in the post-war decades, knighthoods were no longer to be sneered at; they became acceptable, even commonplace. Hordes of "good modern architects" were recommended for handles by their peers and happy to acquire them: Casson, Lasdun, Gibberd, Spence, Matthew, Powell and even once-hot Marxists like Sir Anthony Cox, while two of the boys, smooth William Holford and that sinister apparatchik, Richard Llewellyn-Davies, actually got peerages.

And then it all went wrong and architects ceased to be those elevated respected professionals whom nobody dared question. Indeed, architects ceased to be lovable at all: Ronan Point and the horror of comprehensive redevelopment saw to that. So the knighthoods began to dry up — who could give a handle to a member of so hated a profession? The 1980s were conspicuous for the paucity of architects in the honours lists. Almost the only new knight was Andrew Derbyshire, and that was a deliberate slap in the face of the RIBA as he was "the best president the institute never had" having been defeated by Owen "Sod You" Luder in a contested election. And certainly Derbyshire seems a gent compared with the self-promoters, poseurs and cretins who have presided over 66 Portland Place since, culminating in the plastic golliwog who prostitutes his high office by advertising tea-sets "in harmony" in weekend colour magazines.



But these happy days could not last. The British modern art establishment (prop: P. Palumbo) is too insidious and entrenched to keep out architects for ever. The candidates were obvious: one of the Big Three relentlessly promoted as great British geniuses by public relations men masquerading as architectural critics and who were given a huge puff at the Royal Academy in 1986 — Foster, Rogers, Stirling. The only question was, who first?

So, arise Sir Norman! The choice must be applauded. It could not have been the fat genius, Big Jim Stirling, petulantly snarling at architectural journalists in general and the Prince of Wales in particular for not trumpeting that he is the greatest architect since... well, ever, despite (or perhaps because of) being Sir Geoffrey Howe's brother-in-law. And it would have been grotesque to knight the ageing hippie, bronzed and relaxed Richard Rogers, posturing as a radical while indulging in High Tech exhibitionism at the expense of high capitalism. (But pity poor Ruthie for not being Lady Rogers, for imagine how an anti-establishment American must long for honours in our contemptible class-ridden society!)

Sir Norman Foster. It is well. No poseur he: the man is straightforward, ruthless, clever and limited. In its own narrow terms, he does his sort of architecture very well indeed — if you can accept that architecture can be simply a matter of technological problem-solving. Ask him to design an airport terminal and you will get a fine, bold structure. But let him near an historic building and... Oh dear: Sir Herbert Baker seems sympathetic in comparison. Take what Sir Norm is doing to the centre of the ancient city of Nimes, for it is more shaming than the effect of hordes of English football fans as he is replacing a handsome neo-Classical building next to the Maison Carrée with one of his own non-contextual masterpieces.

I illustrate one of Sir Norm's latest designs. It is the proposed new Law Faculty building for the University of Cambridge. The lawyers are moving to a new site over the Cam from the historic rooms in the Old Schools where law has been taught since the 14th century. See how Sir Norm has responded to this challenge, for he proposes a sort of giant glass and metal nissen hut, curved in section and extruded in plan, with two chunks with skewed end sections plonked down at right-angles to each other — like bits of a length of sausage cut at an angle with a knife. What is so exciting is that the architect has boldly ignored the irrelevant historic associations of teaching law in Cambridge but has responded to the peculiar ambience of the site, which lies right next to the celebrated History Faculty Building.

This, of course, is the masterpiece of James Stirling; that pretentious composition of industrial tiles and glass whose functional shortcomings were such that it was seriously proposed for demolition within 16 years of its completion in 1968 and is now being "upgraded" at huge cost. But so what: Stirling is a genius, as Peter Palumbo among others will tell you. But you might think that, with this sobering example of avant-garde patronage next door, the cautious lawyers might have been a little wary of commissioning another modern masterpiece to celebrate its creator in the glossy architectural mags. Are they mad or just gullible? I do not know. But as their architect is now knighted as well as famous, he must be all right.

'Piloti'

THE WALLACE AFFAIR

TWO RATHER contradictory decisions have been taken at the highest level on the Colin Wallace affair.

The Cabinet Office sub-committee of very top people indeed, which, as has been revealed in recent *Eyes*, is looking into Wallace's allegations since the Government suddenly and surprisingly set up an inquiry into some of them last January, has now decided that there was, in its own tasteful words, "some political disinformation" from Lisburn barracks in the 1970s.

This was the time when Wallace was an army information officer and when he says he was conducting a smear campaign for MI5 against the Labour government. This conclusion, by a committee chaired by the Cabinet's security coordinator Sir Christopher Curwen and agreed by even the ultra-loyal Cabinet Secretary Sir Robin Butler, was not well received by the Government. It has been saying all along that there was no such thing as an MI5 campaign against the Labour government and that anything Wallace says to the contrary is nonsense.

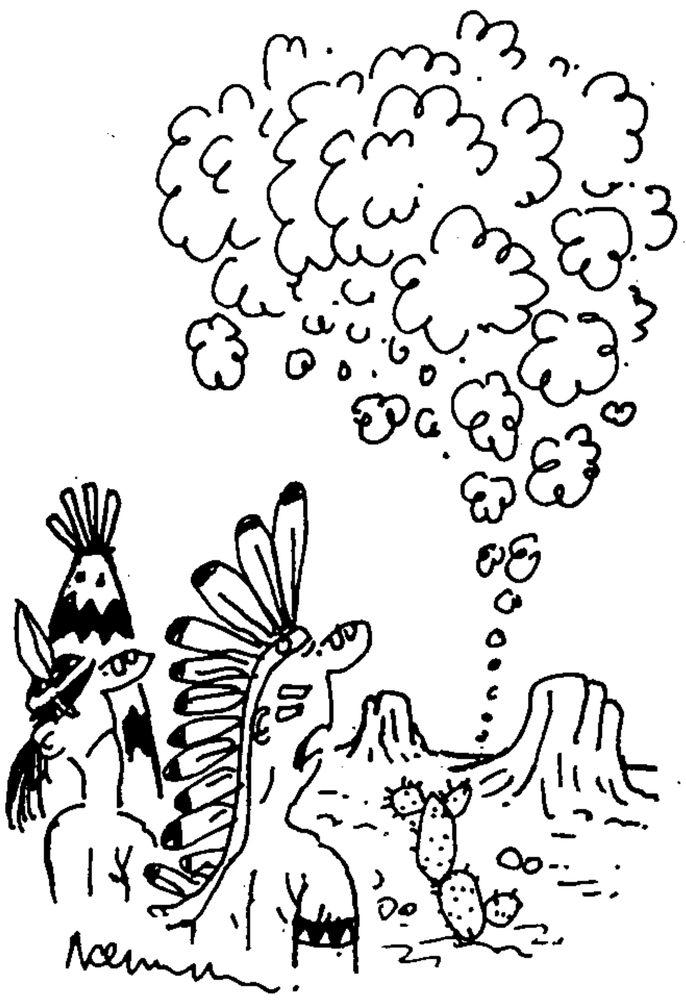
The response from the Government, normally very coy in its relations with the Cabinet Office, has been very firm. After the drubbing Thatcher and her defence secretary, the contempt of court specialist Tom King, received over the Wallace business in January and February, they are determined not to have to admit to any more mistakes in the affair.

The Calcutt inquiry, they say, will report on the specific issue of Wallace's dismissal from the army in a month or two. That is to be the end of the matter. Nothing else at all is ever to be admitted again — even if Sir Christopher Curwen, Sir Robin Butler and Sir Michael Quinlan, the permanent secretary at the Ministry of Defence whose Christian conscience started this ball rolling in the first place, recommend the opposite.

The man in charge of this "three monkeys" policy is the wretched Archie Hamilton, armed forces minister. His private secretary, a Mr J.A. Miller, has written to Wallace regarding the allegations that the general in charge of land forces in Northern Ireland in the 1970s, General Leng, has recently admitted to a *Sunday Times* journalist — namely that he for one certainly remembered the claims of child abuse at the Kincora boys' home in Belfast at least six years before anything was done about them. Mr Miller writes that General Leng has no recollection of any child abuse at Kincora. Readers who may doubt the assurances given by Archie Hamilton or his secretaries should refer to the last *Eye* in which Leng's very definite recollection of Kincora allegations are expressed openly and on tape.

This continuing policy of cover-up may run into more trouble this week. On 19 July Southern Television will broadcast a full-scale documentary on the death of antique dealer Jonathan Lewis. The programme is said not to support the view of the courts that Lewis was killed by Colin Wallace. Some rather decisive evidence is brought to show that the story of how Lewis met his death was a load of bunkum with its origins in the intelligence services.

The Cabinet sub-committee, incidentally, is inclined to the view that MI5 may have had something to do with the conviction of Colin Wallace, but has been told to shut up on that too.



"It looks like Ridley's gone"

ETV

Design Classics

— (BBC2) —

A ROSE is a rose is a rose. Well, perhaps, but on Alan Yentob's BBC2 a rose would be good for at least a half-hour programme. We would begin by collecting from the BBC record library every song with the flower in the title. Working through them, we realise that *Paper Roses* would be perfect for the origami sequence, in which the Cheltenham Ladies Club make a bower of the blooms from tissue paper.

Next we ask the BBC reference library for a list of all the famous people with the name Rose. They do not come up with much. There is Saigon Rose and an English cricketer called Brian Rose and, if we're stuck, we can get away with Rosa Luxembourg. And the film library say they have some quite nice stuff on Rosie Barnes, if that's of any interest. Well, why not?

The next step is to ask a researcher to list all the ways in which roses are used. We send a film crew to collect footage of a funeral, a wedding, a curtain call at an opera, a doe-eyed girl receiving a bouquet from Interflora. Someone on the graduate trainee scheme suggests that there might be a fun sequence at a Rose's lime marmalade factory, so we send a camera there.

We're nearly finished but we need the talking heads. So we arrange an interview with God, the inventor of the rose. "I was looking for something simple but memorable," he booms. "In a very real sense, I think the great breakthrough was the fragrance. I have to tell you, that was St Peter's idea. He came in to my office one day, sniffed the prototype and said 'I think it needs something'."

Following this, for an objective view of His creation, we go to a Design Consultant in a large bow tie and larger glasses. "The thing about the rose," he declares solemnly, "is that it made a very simple but powerful statement — about love, compassion, even grief — and it had clean, neo-classical lines. It's an unbeatable formula." That's it. Magic. We edit the whole lot together — perhaps we'll run those Famous People Called Rose on a swirling band caption from right to left — and we give it a punning title — how about *Rose Without Trace?* — and that's it. Magic. Get me Alan Yentob's office.

There we have it. Making programmes the modern way. Take a familiar item and — as they used to say at seminars — deconstruct it. This is one of the most popular new genres in television. There is *Design Classics* — whose subjects have ranged from the London Tube Map to the Fred Perry Shirt to, last week, the Shell logo — and there is *Small Objects of Desire* which deals, at a length of only 10 minutes, with less starry consumer durables and is jauntier, with much more of the Famous People Called Rose kind of designer-producing. There is also, once a year, *Design Awards*, in which a panel — perhaps including Alan Yentob himself — gives

certificates to fizzy water labels and newspaper typefaces.

Design is a modern obsession — never mind the quality, check the label — but these series seem in danger of providing a supply exceeding the demand. The first objection to them is the speciousness of their analysis. One of the moral opportunities of television as a medium is to limit the opportunities for advertising executives to sound off. The BBC2 design series seriously fail in this duty. Here, for example, is a representative of Adman, Adman, Bowtie and Glasses on the subject of the Shell logo: "It has a visual dynamic which is quite compelling... it looks a little like a rising sun inside the shell... and that communicates something really good about the company."

Later in the same programme something called a Decorative Art Historian explained that the shell had been used for 3,000 years as an artistic image. Typical was this painting, in which we see "The prising open of a double scallop... obvious sexual imagery." Occasionally, there will be a genuinely arresting revelation, like the observation about the number of globally successful companies which, like Shell, use the combination of the colours red and yellow in their logo — MacDonalds, the Post Office, the Soviet Union — but much of the talking is rubbish to fill.

More serious is the matter of quite how the programmes are squared with the rules in the BBC charter on advertising. The *Design Classics* programme on the Shell logo was, understandably, packed with pictures of the logo, while the commentary explained the global penetration of the image. Much the same was done with the Fred Perry shirt, which programme also included the testaments of satisfied buyers.

Regrettably, the producer of the Shell programme could not find time for discussion of oil

spills and other environmental factors affecting the oil industry. He might argue that these were irrelevant to discussion of the logo but a programme about corporate identity and image ought at least to consider the way in which negative images are countered. The finished programme might also then have looked less like something Shell would have been happy to finance.

Which is the point. The BBC continues officially to resist suggestions that it should accept advertising or sponsored programmes. A pose by any other name.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

Satellite TV gaining viewers from BBC and C4, says survey

Times headline

Viewers have branded British television the worst public service in the land.

An astonishing 99 per cent say the BBC licence fee is not worth the money.

And more than three out of four are unhappy with the standard of programmes.

Today

Chancellor John Major last night backed a new European currency — which could replace the pound if the idea takes off...

The new cash is already being used on one of Europe's steamiest TV shows, which is screened in Britain every Sunday.

Prizes in the satellite programme, Tutti-Frutti, which features stripping Italian housewives, are paid in ECUs.

The Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Robin Borwick, H. Thompson.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

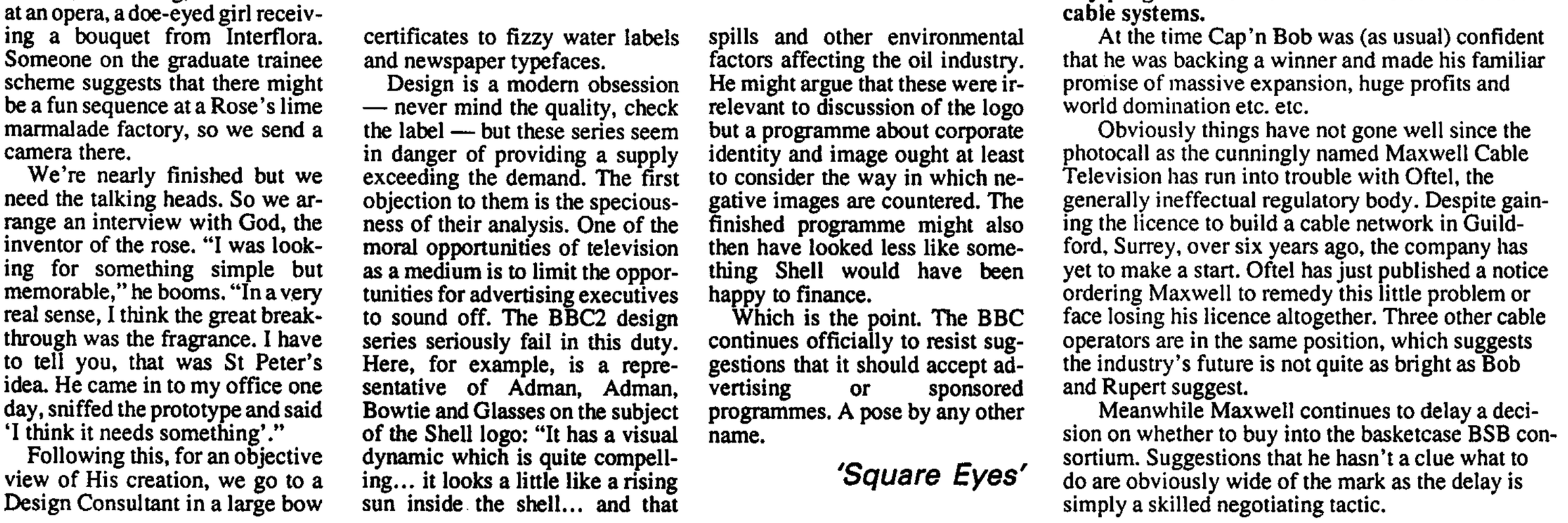
MEDIA NEWS

LAST YEAR that popular double act of Robert Maxwell and Rupert Murdoch made great play of their cooperation in bringing satellite television to the masses, merrily posing for photos after signing an agreement to distribute Sky programmes over Maxwell's collection of cable systems.

At the time Cap'n Bob was (as usual) confident that he was backing a winner and made his familiar promise of massive expansion, huge profits and world domination etc. etc.

Obviously things have not gone well since the photocall as the cunningly named Maxwell Cable Television has run into trouble with Oftel, the generally ineffectual regulatory body. Despite gaining the licence to build a cable network in Guildford, Surrey, over six years ago, the company has yet to make a start. Oftel has just published a notice ordering Maxwell to remedy this little problem or face losing his licence altogether. Three other cable operators are in the same position, which suggests the industry's future is not quite as bright as Bob and Rupert suggest.

Meanwhile Maxwell continues to delay a decision on whether to buy into the basketcase BSB consortium. Suggestions that he hasn't a clue what to do are obviously wide of the mark as the delay is simply a skilled negotiating tactic.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"I WANT INTERVIEWERS WHO KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THE PM IN THE WAY I WANT THEM TO!"
"Yes, Mr Birt, sir!"
NEW BBC GUIDELINES ON INTERVIEW TECHNIQUES
BAR
"LIKE WHO?"
"KEITH HARRIS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE OVER THE TODAY PROGRAMME?"
"Trebles all round!"
BAR
Ron Pyne

THE SUDDEN collapse of the Zurich-based European Business Channel three weeks ago left dozens of hacks — many of them refugees from BBC television news — out of work and out of pocket.

One of the more recent recruits, Rachel Royce, was so incensed she wrote a letter to the *Guardian* about it. Published on 3 July, her letter denounced EBC's editor-in-chief, James Long (formerly the Beeb's economics wallah), for deserting "the sinking ship" of EBC before it sank.

To anyone in the know, this read rather oddly. Long had not quit the sinking ship: he went down with it and is in the same mess as his colleagues. More importantly, he was only appointed editor-in-chief three weeks before the collapse, by which time the damage was already done: he was powerless to prevent the investors pulling the plug.

The man who *did* jump ship was Will Hutton, EBC's editor-in-chief from its start in November 1988 until a couple of months ago. Why did Rachel Royce not mention Hutton's responsibility for the fiasco? She did; but mysteriously all references to Hutton were edited out of her letter before the *Guardian* published it, thereby making it look as if Long was the sole culprit.

And where is Will Hutton now? He is safely back on terra firma — employed, by an extraordinary coincidence, as economics editor of the *Guardian.*

PS: The most interesting coverage of EBC's demise was in the *Financial Times*, written by the paper's media man Ray "Ploddy" Snoddy. EBC, he explained, was "fighting for survival in an increasingly competitive market" against a new service called European Business Today, "launched by Clark Production".

By an even stranger coincidence, which Snoddy failed to mention, Clark Production is best known as the company which makes Channel 4's *Hard News* whose presenter is — Ray Snoddy.

JUNK MAIL

Viewers flocking to BSB

BSB has attracted nearly one million viewers in the first 100 days of broadcasting.

During the two months since its national launch direct to homes, the fledgling station sold 40,000 satellite dishes — almost double the amount achieved by rivals Sky in a comparative period...

...In multi-channel cable homes, research gives BSB a 22.5 per cent viewing share, a 39 per cent daily reach and the highest audience appreciation levels for any service.

Daily Mail

Contributor: Simon Scholl.

A sister column to I-SKY, featuring blatant puffs for BSB masquerading as editorial in Associated newspapers. The usual £10 will be paid for contributions.

THE final stages of the World Cup were spoilt for some opera fans by the apparent unseemly row between tenors Placido Domingo, José Carreras and Luciano Pavarotti at the Saturday night gala concert.

At least that was the impression given by the *Times* diary and TV-am, both of whom were obliged by Pavarotti's agent, one Signor Rocco Salvatori, to apologise for suggesting that his man was not the greatest tenor of all times.

Mr Salvatori, of course, was none other than Fleet Street's best known conman and prankster Rocky Ryan who, in earlier incarnations, was either a gun runner or a mercenary recruiter.

Quote of the Week

"I think I've found my place in the sun" — Peter Jay on his £120,000 a year appointment as the BBC's business and economics editor.

TWO OF Scotland's most important men are meeting regularly: swinging *Sunday Times* editor Andrew Neil, leading apostle of the New Britain, and Alasdair Milne, the former BBC supremo.

The pair have been seen chattering in the Ubiquitous Chip and other fine establishments, with broad grins and mutual backslapping all round. Suggestions that they're considering putting in a bid for the Scottish Television franchise are surely wide of the mark. If not, Glasgow's nightlife is in for a considerable boost — whatever the effect on ITV.

MANCHESTER-based Sunset Radio's position as the most boardroom battle-weary station in broadcasting has reached farcical new levels following the resignation of Mike Shaft as managing director.

Grenadan-born Shaft founded Sunset as Britain's first ethnic station last October but was sacked by his own board in March (*Eye* 737) following poor advertising sales, an on-air row over reggae coverage and the sacking of the entire news room team. Yet after berating journalists for writing up the story, Shaft returned from the wilderness and resumed control, after only three weeks' absence, amid much popping of champagne corks.

Despite its short history, the sinister machinations within the Sunset set-up put Corporation Street to shame. Originally, British Media Services (BMS), a London-based media sales house, took a 17 per cent stake in the station. BMS is headed by Terry Smith, who is also managing director of Liverpool's Radio City. It has been alleged that BMS only became involved with Sunset to annoy Piccadilly Radio, Manchester's leading commercial station, which is owned by Smith's great rival Owen Oyston. Cynics claimed that BMS deliberately held back from selling on Sunset to win Piccadilly's account and that rival stations were offering advertisers discounts if they agreed not to use Sunset.

With Shaft now gone, apparently for good, Sunset will probably be run along Smith's strict fiscal lines. Smith had previously presented the annual general meeting with a £300,000 rescue package raised from commercial rather than community interests. This was proposed on the understanding that Shaft relinquish his role as MD. Although the package was rejected by shareholders who felt that the station could lose touch with its roots and that Shaft would secure community funding, this has failed to materialise. Mammon has won; so much for ethnic radio.

WORLD OF HYPE

AS THE "people's musical" *Bernadette* shuffles off its mortal coil and heads for heaven, the show's publicist, James Murray, has blamed its demise on the "shabby journalism and unprofessionalism" of theatre critics.

He should know. For although he is now such a holy man, in the 1970s James Murray was himself a critic, writing a TV column in the *Daily Getsmuchworse*. And in 1979 (as revealed in *Eye* 455) he was himself guilty of some rather dubious conduct.

Martin Jackson, then TV critic of the *Daily Mail*, stunned fellow hacks at the Montreux Television Festival that year by announcing an "exclusive". He claimed that while viewing the BBC's entry, *Fawlty Towers*, a "Spanish delegate" had stormed out in protest at Andrew Sachs's portrayal of the half-witted Spanish waiter, Manuel. Jackson said that he was sending the story to his paper, "and you'd better all file it too".

His fellow hacks, convinced that the story was untrue, refused to have anything to do with it. Except one. Late at night James Murray broke ranks and sent a version of Jackson's yarn to the *Express*. Even more impressively, Murray claimed to have interviewed a Spaniard in his hotel bar who had said: "We are a proud and noble race." This mysterious character had not been visible to any of the other hacks who were with Murray in the bar at the time.

Perhaps it was a divine visitation.

"I expect Prost will beat him to it"

O.B.N.

Queen Mother's day

From Lord St John of Fawsley

Sir, How sad on the occasion of the unique demonstration of national pride and affection constituted by the Queen Mother's birthday parade on Horse Guards this week that there should be such a sour and crabbed comment in your leader "Pomp and circumstances" (June 28) about the consequent traffic congestion.

I offer in balance the judgment of the London taxi driver who, the day before, saaid to me, wholly unprompted: "The traffic is going to be terrible tomorrow but nobody will mind as they will know it's for her." That seems to me the true *vox populi*, and evidently *vox Dei*, too, if the so unexpected sunshine, which broke through the grey clouds on Wednesday evening and bathed the whole unique and unforgettable scene in glorious sunshine, is anything to go by.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
ST JOHN OF FAWSLEY,
House of Lords.

The Times

Contributor: G.P. Claringbold.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

YOBS
HUSBAND
Look at that statue it's got no arms
VENUS DE MILO
Come on let's get out of here!
Why?
'Cause knowing our luck we'll get the blame for it.
Thats true

AFTER decades of ripping off consumers through their outrageous price rigging, the milk moguls of Thames Ditton have finally realised the game is up. As Old Muck has often pointed out, the monopoly board's practice of loading a levy on the doorstep pinta is antisocial and a flagrant abuse of power.

Yet over at Whitehall Place the so-called guardians of the public interest continue to turn a blind eye. Even the minister's own consumer committee has remained silent on the issue, presumably for fear of losing its subsidised junketings.

Now at last the carbonated Gummer has been forced to act. He's set up a committee to look into complaints that the MMB politburo is arbitrarily withholding dividends from a group of north country dairy farmers.

At the same time the National Consumer Council has stepped into the fray. After years of procrastination by MAFF's own tame consumers, the NCC has carried out its own high-speed investigation of the milk monopoly. Old Muck has learned that the report will slam the MMB mafia for consistently acting against the public interest.

There's now total panic at Thames Ditton. Having proclaimed that its blatant price fixing was all for the public good, the monopoly board is now desperate to give up its statutory powers and turn itself into a squeaky-clean voluntary co-operative.

Unfortunately, like the crumbling Stalinist regimes of Eastern Europe, the MMB is having trouble reverting to democracy. The word is that at its national referendum of dairy farmers to seek permission for the changes, the board will apply the long-discredited "cow vote" principle.

That means producers will get votes in proportion to the number of cows they own. So the fat cats who run the MMB will get the biggest say. As always with the board, cows come before people.

WHILE dairy farmers have at least recognised that they can no longer manage the market for their own interests, there is as yet no sign of such realism over at Surplus House, the NFU's HQ. There the barley barons cling to the fiction that it's somehow in the national interest to go on chucking away public money on unwanted grain.

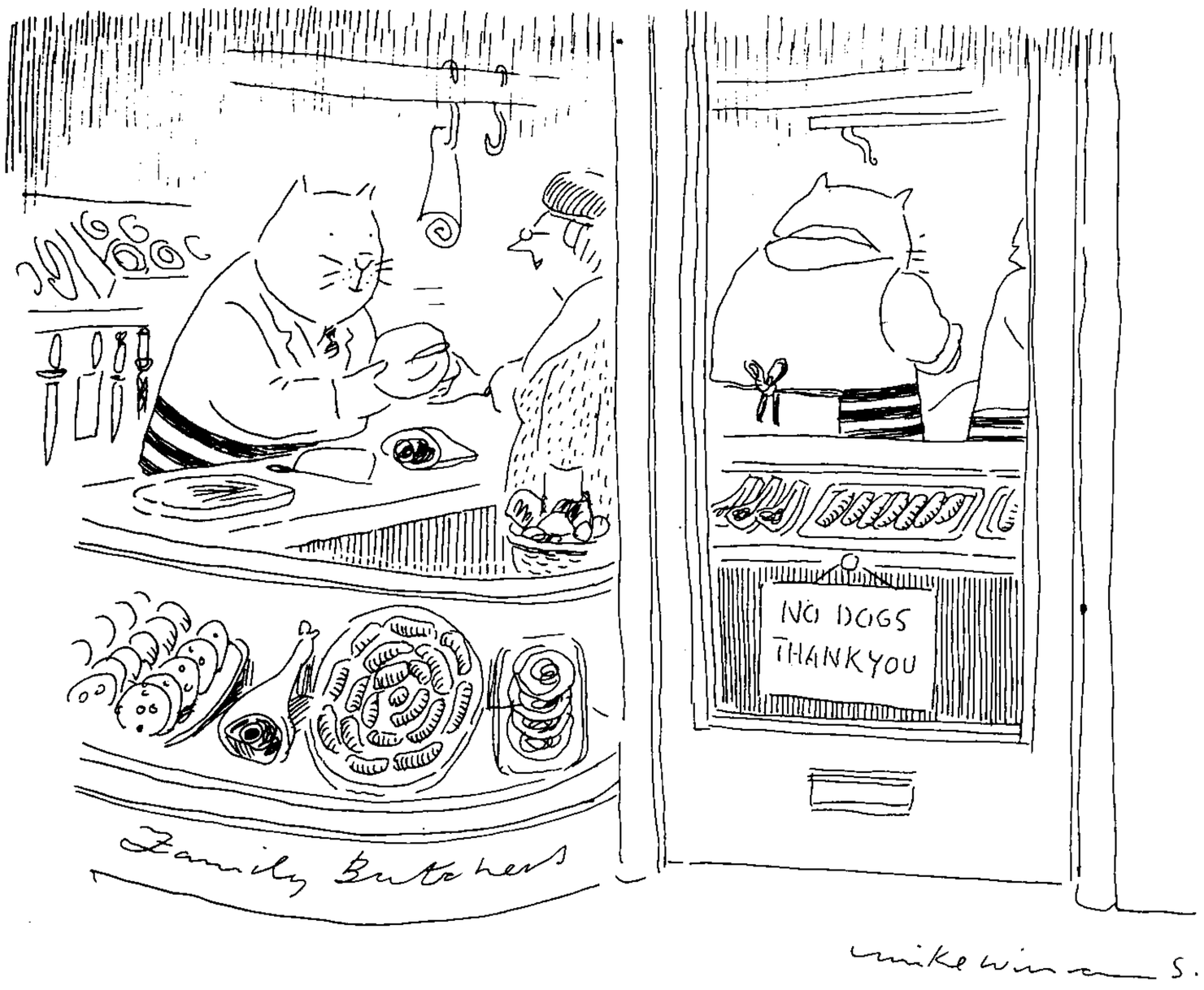
"Look how we've got rid of the cereals mountains," chortle the union fat cats, failing to mention that surplus stocks have only been shrunk by dumping them on world markets at the cost of a crippling £55-a-ton public subsidy.

Fearing that such an obvious wheeze can't go on much longer, Sir Simon Gourlay and his robber band are now pushing for an extension of set-aside, the notorious weed subsidy that hands over taxpayer's money in return for growing useful things like dandelions and deadly nightshade.

The barons claim that without it thousands of them will go out of business. But the real purpose is to maintain their wealth by propping up land prices at the ridiculous levels they're reached following years of public subsidy.

Using the trigger phrase "rural depopulation", the NFU paints a picture of rural poverty and decline if the public handouts don't continue. In fact the very opposite would happen. Failure of the union to get its weed subsidy would herald a new era of vigour and resurgence in the countryside.

The people who would go bust would be the over-capitalised, pesticide-drenching industrial farmers — the very people who rule the roost at Surplus House. As land prices fell there would at last be a chance for new generation of farmer, less devoted to the arable prairie and the spray can.



Sporting Life

LORD WYATT of Weeford's farcical outburst over A.N. Wislon's *Spectator* revelations about the Queen Mother will have come as no surprise to serious racing enthusiasts who have long known about the absurd and pompous chairman of the Tote.

Amid dreary talk at the recent racing industry conference of "new realism" (ie giving the Big Three bookmakers whatever they want), the one straw that various luminaries clung on to was that more money should come to the sport via the Tote. Unfortunately only one speaker, Lord Zetland, seemed to have any kind of developed idea as to how that might be achieved and all Wyatt could suggest was that in future the Derby should be run on a Saturday.

Effortlessly the Big Three have been able to deflect arguments in favour of a Tote monopoly by pointing to the fact that most punters prefer betting with them. Privately they thank their good fortune that their supposed rival's management team includes such incredible figures as Wyatt and Prince Michael of Kent, not widely renowned for his detailed knowledge of bookmaking but who is presumably frequently available for dinner parties.

Wyatt's denunciation of Wislon was peppered with the kind of quaintly antique language that was thought to have died out with Dornford Yates. Now the words "blackguard" and "scoundrel" are being flung at the Tote's own operations director, Mark Kershaw, whose crime has been to write to the trade papers criticising the way the Levy Board allocates money to race tracks which usually means giving large interest free loans to socially favoured courses in the south.

Kershaw dared suggest that improved surfaces and better framed races would greatly enhance turnover, as would seven race cards and central race planning. These heretical notions have outraged Weeford and his conservative chums and the Tote's own inside sources have been enthusiastically indiscreet in letting it be known that Kershaw, currently "on leave", will be given his marching orders before the end of the season. If he does find himself looking for a new job in 1991, he's likely to be in good company: the other big dinner table indiscretion during Newmarket's July meeting concerned a possible shake-up in the top jockeys' riding arrangements before next year.

Marcus Hosgood, secretary to John Dunlop and agent to the Irish champion jockey Michael Kinane, has let it be known that Kinane's services will be available in this country on a regular basis from next spring. After he won last year's Irish Oaks on Alydaress for Sheikh Mohammed, it was suggested that Kinane might eventually join Henry Cecil once Steve Cauthen decided he could battle with his weight no longer. Now he's more likely to accept a retainer as stable jockey for Michael Stoute which will mean the elbow for the luckless Walter "The Choirboy" Swinburn.

The Choirboy is one of the best big race riders in the business, but he's fallen foul of Stoute and the Maktoum entourage several times in the last three years and nearly lost his job in 1988. Young Walter might be lured to France if Cash Asmussen leaves Andre Fabre to join Barry Hills at Manton, but he's more likely to take Kinane's place in Ireland with Dermot Weld for whom his father Wally became champion Irish jockey in the 1970s.

The implied criticism of Walter is that he's lived not wisely but too well. The same could be said of Lord Wyatt, but unfortunately for the punters — though not for Cyril Stein and George Walker — he will not be fired or transferred to Ireland. He will carry on as before.

'Major Bonkers'

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

STAFFORDSHIRE

FOLLOWING our revelations about Staffordshire county council's barbaric social services department, the *Eye* has discovered that Staffs police have launched a criminal investigation into allegations of a child porn ring based at council homes in the Stoke area.

Labour councillors who had been trying to sweep the ever-growing social services scandal under the carpet have now been forced to admit that things are beyond their control. At a stormy, confidential session of the full council on 11 July one Labour councillor broke ranks to admit that police were investigating claims that a number of people, some of whom are now serving jail sentences for sex offences, visited a council-run children's home.

The home in question is believed to be on Hartshill Road, Newcastle-under-Lyme, which has been at the centre of a long-standing controversy over the council's use of the "pin-down" method for treating teenage inmates (*Eyes passim*).

As reported last issue the Labour-controlled authority has agreed to launch an inquiry into "pin-down". Following much prodding by opposition Liberal Democrat councillors the inquiry has broadened to become an independent review. It will be presided over by Alan Levy QC, who acted in the Cleveland affair.

EAST STAFFORDSHIRE

DEVELOPER-ridden East Staffordshire (*Eyes passim*) is back in the news following the district council's decision to investigate a string of land deals involving almost £2 million.

At the centre of the probe are Robert Makin, the council's former chief planning officer, and David Smith, one-time estates officer. Councillors are investigating allegations that Makin was behind a property company, Startline, which bought a council depot site in Burton-on-Trent for £806,000 and sold it a few months later for £925,000 — a 14.7 per cent profit. The council had previously developed the depot for £1.7 million.

During negotiations for the site councillors were reported as being "intrigued to know" who was behind Startline. In fact the deal was fronted for Makin's company by estate agents P. Orridge (sic) who, by this time, had recruited Smith, Makin's former colleague in the council estates office, as well as Tory councillor Geoff Handley.

Funnily enough, whilst still working for the council Makin was legitimately instructed to "test the market" for the sale of the depot. But now it has been alleged that both Startline and Orridge were merely a cover for St Mowden Properties, chaired by local millionaire Stan Clarke, a dinner party chum of Lord Willie Whitelaw, and the company which bailed out East Staffs' beleaguered attempt to run Uttoxeter racecourse (*Eye* 734).

Tragically St Mowden jilted Startline half-way through the depot deal with Clarke claiming that he didn't know Startline and Makin were "one and the same" until much later.

But a report on the deal, recently discussed by East Staffs' policy committee, showed that a second developer, G.J. Perry, may have been gazumped. Although Perry bid for the site by fax on the day of the deadline, the Startline bid which was accepted arrived a day later!

Unsurprisingly, Tory council leader Eri Thornewill claims councillors from both his own ranks and Labour were "entirely satisfied" with the policy committee report. Thornewill is no stranger to property deals having already been investigated by the local ombudsman over a planning decision involving an old chum, Cliff Dunn (*Eye* 738).

Despite Thornewill's claim of cross-party agreement, Labour deputy group leader George Callister has questioned the circumstances behind the depot sale and expressed concern about the role of councillors engaged in business deals with their own council before the customary year has elapsed. Coun Callister has criticised Makin for "leaving the council and dealing with council business almost straight away".

Makin, in his defence, states that although he was employed by the council when the decision to sell the depot was taken, he left before the outside agents reported back, was never involved in sale negotiations and that he only became involved in the depot almost a year after leaving the council.

Meanwhile the site is on the market again — this time for £2 million. Unfortunately for local poll taxpayers, £700,000 of the council's original investment is still outstanding in debt charges.

BIRMINGHAM

CRISIS as usual in the city's social services department where a major inquiry has been ordered after a male foster parent was accused of sexually abusing a boy in his care. The 14-year-old boy is now being tested for HIV.

His mother had expressly told social workers she did not want her son fostered to a single man, but the male case officer said he was determined and threatened a custody order if she continued to object.

Two weeks later the boy told staff at his former children's home that he had been buggered and assaulted by his foster parent. Now the case officer faces an inquiry into how he selected the foster parent.

Meanwhile Birmingham social services' increasingly paranoid middle managers are trying to stop staff reading the *Eye*. Eamon Duffy, a care worker at the notorious St John's Home, was caught with a copy and promptly hauled up before divisional manager Tony Flynn. Flynn ordered him never to bring the magazine near youngsters again. Duffy asserted that it was a useful educational tool, but a memo has been sent out banning the *Eye* from all the city's homes.

At Ipstones Road Mike Sharpin, the suspended officer, has lost his job on various charges although the allegation that he abused the home's telephone has been dropped. Emboldened by recent revelations, staff from other areas are coming forward with their own stories: two officers have been suspended from the department's administrative centres for sexual and racial harassment of other staff.

And to add to this cheerful climate, Najma Hafeez, the new chairman, is at loggerheads with senior officers over their plans to hand many of the city's homes for the aged to private trusts and charities.

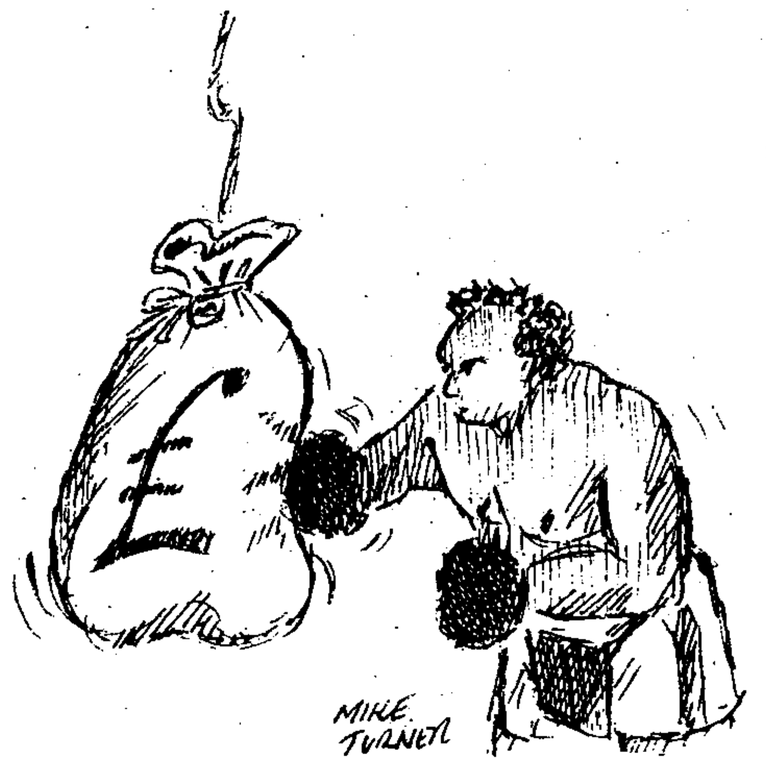
POOR OLD Roger Taylor. Everyone's out to get Birmingham's hard-done-by chief executive. Scandal-mongers attempting to pin scurrilous allegations about his novel manipulation of the council's car pool system (*Eyes passim ad nauseam*) have run up against a seemingly insurmountable problem — Taylor appears to be innocent of any misdeeds!

Last February it was alleged that Birmingham councillors and senior town hall officers were using council vehicles on unauthorised business but were claiming mileage allowance as if they had used their own cars.

Subsequently, auditors Price Waterhouse prepared an extremely thick report on the scandal which implicated several town hall figures. But the report didn't satisfy Hugh McCreedy, a local elector, who alleged that Taylor had used council cars at the city's expense in direct breach of council rules.

Now all can be explained. Yes, Taylor has been using the council's fleet of chauffeur driven limos but, as agreed with his employers, he has paid for them out of his own pocket!

This makes the car pool system the most expensive form of transport this side of the Channel Tunnel. For instance, when Taylor pops over to Pebble Mill to give the *World at One* a live quote he forks



out a mere £36 to travel VIP-style; a public taxi would cost little more than a fiver. Similarly, when he visits the city centre 64 club it costs him £31.50; a cab would only have set him back a couple of quid!

So is Taylor a conscientious council official or a psychopathic spendthrift? A clue: as a town hall director he has been receiving an annual personal travel account of £2,500. Yet, characteristically, he has asked for his own account to be phased out to save the poll taxpayers a few more grand. The city's bus service now eagerly awaits Taylor's patronage.

ROSSENDALE

CHANCELLOR John Major's plea for loan companies to be more circumspect in their transactions will no doubt be applauded loudly by Councillor Andrew David Neville, Tory member for Bacup, in Rossendale, Lancashire.

Neville, an accomplished financial adviser, learnt his craft back in the late sixties on the mean, hungry streets of Manchester as manager of debt-chasing Tracing Services Ltd. At Tracing Services Neville called himself Andrew Scott. Meanwhile he worked as Neville for the credit firm City Advisory Services.

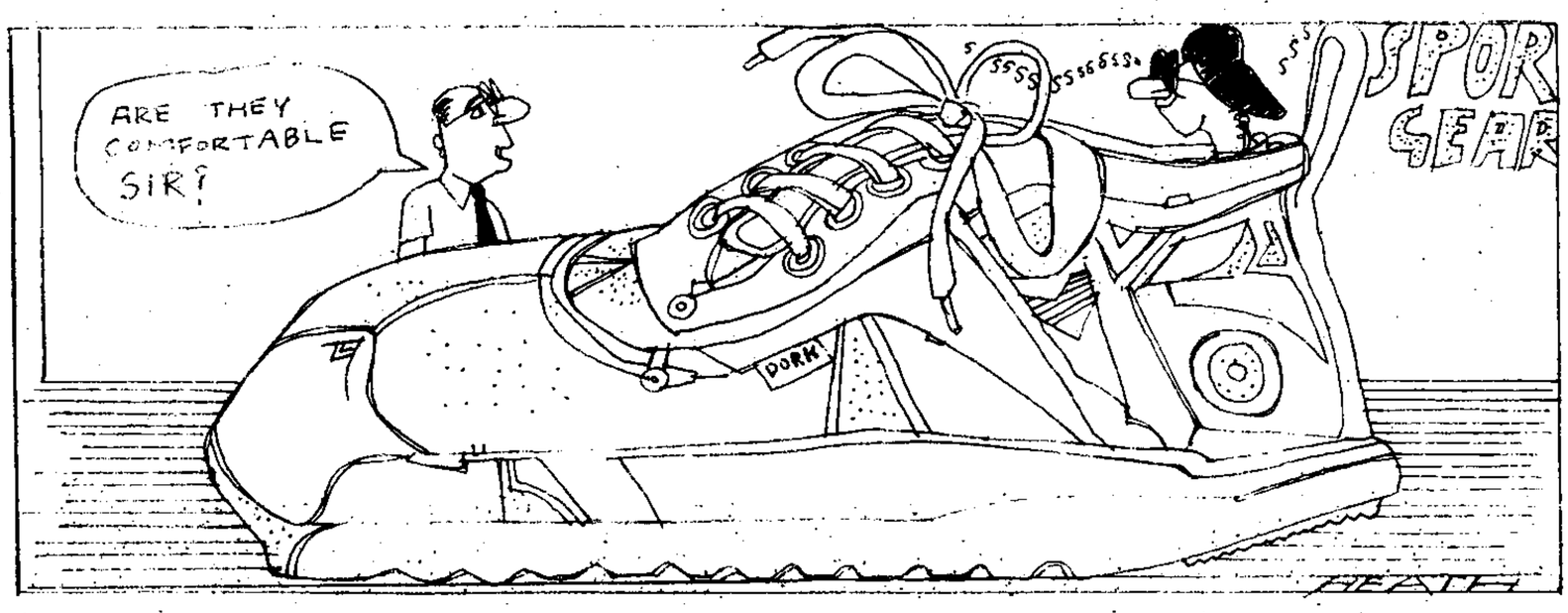
In 1973, Tracing Services was branded by a judge as Liars Unlimited but was acquitted of impersonating tax officers and social security officials to track debtors. CAS received unwelcome publicity on *That's Life* in the early seventies when it was accused of wrongly identifying an innocent person as a debtor.

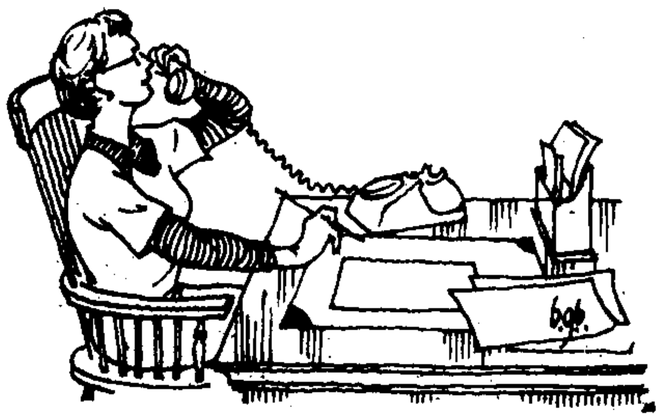
Later Neville did the honourable thing and stood as a Tory for Manchester city council. When local hacks, acting on a tip-off, tried to check whether Neville and Scott had been the same person, he first claimed not to know of Scott. Later, he admitted that Scott lived at the same address. Eventually, Neville remembered that he in fact was Scott, but won the seat anyway.

Surprisingly, Neville is still operating in the murky world of financial consultancy, helping companies such as Radio Rentals to trace missing debtors. It is not known whether he has kept up his sideline of offering his impoverished clients loans at high rates of interest.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





Sally Deedes

INTERESTING research by the newly-launched Association of Travel Consumers (ATC) shows that in the year 88/89 the price of airline fuel fell against the exchange rate. This is somewhat contrary to the claim of ABTA (the Association of British Travel Agents) that prices *rose* by 20 percent.

In the 88/89 year, 46 percent of the 14 million travelling Britons were surcharged an average £5 on their holidays — a tidy £33,580,000 from which travel agents get 10 percent.

This year operators are finding imaginative new ways to surcharge, the most ingenious being the newly introduced £10 charged each way for those who take skis with them on an aeroplane. The airlines will receive none of this money and nor have they suggested that they have any problems carrying skis. When asked about the fairness of such a fee, Falcon, one of the largest operators in the ski market, said that the consumer always had the option to go elsewhere. Since those charging the extra fee amount to 81 percent of operators, this is not much of an option.

So will 1992 bring about any changes? Apparently not. Article 4 of a new EC directive states: "The prices laid down in the contract shall not be subject to revision unless the contract expressly provides for the possibility of upward or downward revision and states precisely how the revised price is to be calculated and solely to allow for variations in transportation costs, including the cost of fuel."

However, *nil desperandum*. For £35 travellers can join ATC, started by Mark Roy, a dissatisfied traveller with experience of the industry. The membership fee includes travel care assistance and legal cover enabling the dissatisfied customer to sue the rip-off tour operator on return. For further information contact ATC on 0892 548248.

ICSTIS, the independent committee for the supervision of standards of telephone information services, oversees the advertising and content of premium rate services (the 0898 numbers).

Advertisements for the services carry price information — 25p per minute cheap rate and 38p peak and standard rates — but fail to mention the huge cost of calls made from telephone boxes, hotels and mobile phones. A peak rate 0898 call made from a kiosk works out at 75p per minute — virtually double the cost quoted in advertisements.

Regardless of the time of day, BT passes on 17.5p per minute flat rate to the person providing the recorded message service. The extra charges apparently reflect the higher costs charged by BT for the service.

The lack of such information on advertisements only misleads those such as students, old age pensioners and the unemployed who are can't afford a private telephone. While ICSTIS says that to advertise the further costs would be confusing, the public might prefer to be informed rather than ripped off.

THE following revelation came from the Royal Bank of Scotland, Bond Street branch, when asked to explain the interest charges made on one of its credit cards.

"Interest charges on purchase can only arise where full repayment of new purchase appearing on a Statement for the first time is not made with the 25 day interest free period. In this situation interest would be charged on a daily basis on the total of purchases left outstanding from the date of the statement on which they appear and would be shown on subsequent statements until full repayment has been made. Although full repayment was ultimately received, interest was calculated from the previous statement date up to the payment date and this is the final charge as shown on the statement."

Er, quite.

HUNT NEWS

ANOTHER hunt saboteur has contacted the *Eye* about the seeming reluctance of police and the Crown Prosecution Service to act against aggressive huntsmen arising out of the Clifton-Upon-Teme meet on 13 January.

In *Eye* 744 we revealed that the police and CPS had declined to prosecute the Master of the Clifton-Upon-Teme Foxhounds, David Parker, for allegedly lashing a hunt saboteur, Mrs Gertrude Cowling, with a riding crop.

At the same meet Peter Winter saw fellow sab, Tony Spoor, being jabbed and then pushed to the ground by a pair of dismounted huntsmen, as a couple of terriermen looked on. The purpose of their inquiry was to establish whether the sab had a hunting horn about his person for decoy purposes. Winter attempted to intervene, but Spoor advised him to return to his car before he was "done in".

On the way back to his vehicle Winter was set upon by another huntsman who knocked him to the ground, concussing him for several minutes, and then proceeded to punch him vigorously. A policeman eventually arrived and took note of Winter's torn clothes and wounds — a three inch gash on his knee and a one inch gash on his forehead. Both Winter and Tony Spoor were then taken to Tenbury police station where they gave statements about the assaults.

Spoor was able to identify the huntsmen who had attacked Winter as Francis Lowden, because he remembered him appearing as a witness in a case last year at Bromyard Magistrates' Court when the police unsuccessfully prosecuted a group of hunt sabs. The magistrates on that occasion chose to believe the sabs rather than the hunters.

Nor is Lowden a stranger to allegations of assault. A private prosecution is pending over an incident at the earlier meet when he allegedly pushed Mrs Gertrude Cowling off a high wall.

This time the police told Winter that the case would have to be dropped unless Winter were to go to a later meet, without an escort, and photograph his assailant. Winter is not enthusiastic about this suggestion.

By contrast, the police in Hampshire are willing to prosecute hunt supporters for assaults on hunt saboteurs, but it is the CPS that is reluctant. Last autumn, a member of the Portsmouth Hunt Saboteurs Association, Martin Palmer, was allegedly beaten up by a huntsman called Michael Raymond Hale.

Palmer sustained a broken nose and severe bruising. There were three witnesses to the incident and Palmer had a photograph of his assailant. When the CPS declined to prosecute on the ground that the witnesses were not independent, the investigating officer, an Inspector Martin, was sufficiently disappointed by their decision to ask them to reconsider. The CPS was adamant, however, and Palmer's only recourse is to a private prosecution.

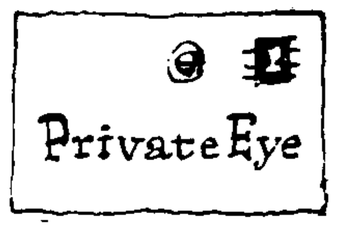
CULT CORNER

THE Hunger Project (see *Eyes passim*) is out panhandling again. This time it is trying to win free time on the Intelstat satellite link to broadcast its presentation of the "Africa Prize For Leadership" to Robert Mugabe.

The ceremony was originally to take place at the United Nations headquarters in New York, but the Zimbabweans seem to have developed suspicions about the so-called charity. Mugabe will take the money, but he won't go to New York to get it.

The Hunger Project has tried to get the UN to indemnify Intelstat, but like the Zimbabweans the UN is increasingly aware that the so-called charity is not the full widow's mite. After all, it claims that if enough people are convinced that hunger must end, it will. It can't help that Hunger Project founder Werner Erhard, of est and the Forum, is being sued in California and that the litigation is revealing details of a far from parsimonious lifestyle — witnesses claim he had 30 people to look after his wardrobe.

Letters



Count down

Sir,

Your sympathetic coverage of Nikolai Tolstoy's plight has encouraged me to pen a missive. Interest, support and good wishes have been sent by your readers and anxiety has been expressed for the difficult situation in which Georgina Tolstoy and the children are placed.

Readers of your venerable organ are to be commended for their kindness and those of us trying to help the family are most grateful for this expression of help at a difficult time; however their problems are far from over. Supporters therefore are invited to attend a reception and press evening in London on 2 August.

At the reception, Sir Bernard Braine MP and Count Nikolai Tolstoy will address those attending on the progress and complications of the forthcoming appeal and it is hoped that significant funds will be raised to support the Georgina Tolstoy Family Fund.

Tickets and information are available from the fund offices: 10 Barley Mow Passage, London, W4 4PH (Tel: 081 994 6477).

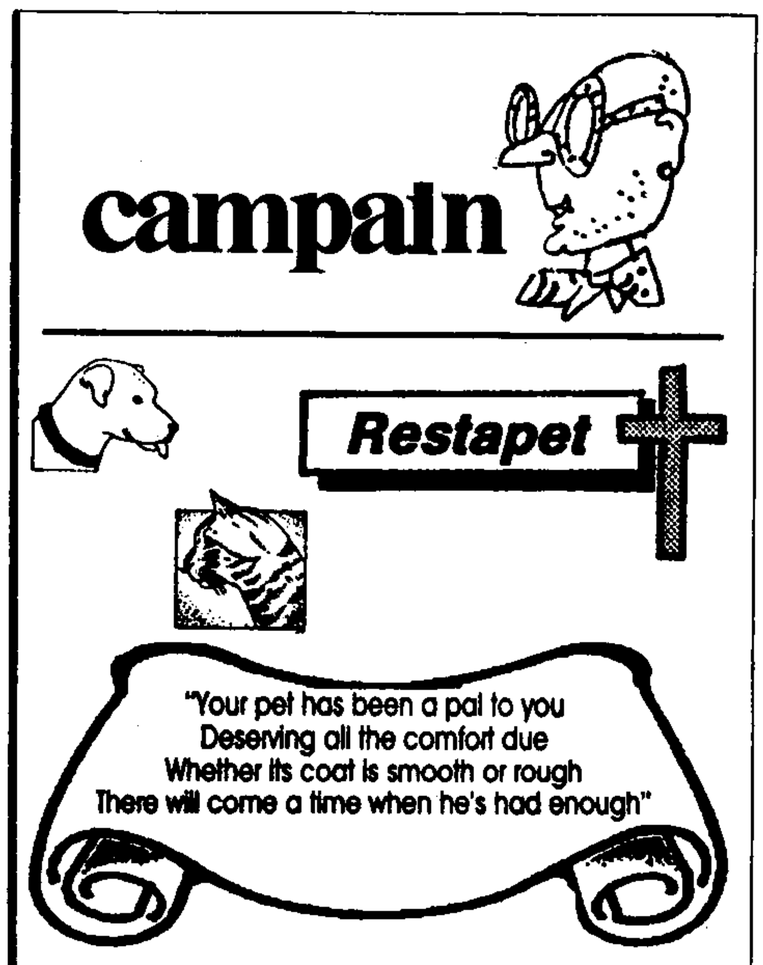
Yours faithfully,
KATHY McGRATH
(Secretary of the Georgina Tolstoy Family Fund),
London, W4.

Lossalike

Sir,

It would not perhaps be surprising if The Observer had lost more readers than other papers to the new entrants of the Sunday quality market (as asserted in Eye 744), since they both explicitly targeted our readers. In fact, though, this has not happened. Comparing audited sales for May 1989 and May 1990, the paper that has lost most readers (20,000 a week) is the Sunday Times.

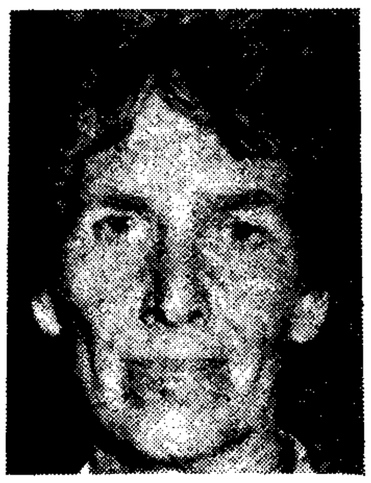
Yours faithfully,
DONALD TRELFORD,
(Editor),
The Observer, London SW8.


campaign
Restapet
"Your pet has been a pal to you
Deserving all the comfort due
Whether its coat is smooth or rough
There will come a time when he's had enough"
SOUTHAMPTON (0703) 733578
VODAFONE (0836) 316208
MILL LANE, NURSLING, SOUTHAMPTON

Contributor: Anon.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

Lookalike



Wyman

Rumbold

Sir,

I could not fail to notice the striking similarity between the gorgeous, pouting Education Minister Angela Rumbold and the ageing, schoolgirl-marrying Rolling Stone, Bill Wyman. Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.

Yours,
ALICK WHITFIELD,
London SW10.

Aural sex

Sir,

As I am one of the few people outside of South London who ever saw The Gonads play — at the Lads of the Village pub in Charlton — all I can say is that Garry Bushell's column in the Sun is no surprise at all!

Bushell, who called himself Gal Gonad, was probably the most sexist and homophobic performer I have ever had the misfortune to witness.

Women in the audience were harangued with quips like "Ever seen one of these before?" and "Haven't you got little hands, they'd make my dick look big?" At one stage a young lady was invited on stage during a song called "I Lost My Love (To A UK Sub) and told: "Look at your hands shaking... it seems a shame to waste it." Songs were littered with references to lager tops and blow-jobs. It was puerile stuff. Yet, incredibly, the yobbish audience seemed to delight in it, which just goes to prove there is no accounting for taste!

The gigs were also attended by football hooligans called Tuckers Ruckers whom he later immortalised in an anthem called "Tuckers Ruckers Ain't No Suckers".

Just the right sort of person for the Sun!

ANDY COLLINSON,
Basildon, Essex.

Union Hack

Sir,

Re: Bushell

Since you appear to be collecting anecdotes regarding the man's past musical involvements I thought I would help. Imagine my delight when I discovered my ancient copy of "Delilah — The Punk Epic" by Max 'n' Gal — The Brothers Gonad (Razor Records 1983 no. RZS103). The Max here was none other than Max Splodge, mastermind behind Splodgenessabounds (remember 2 Pints of Lager and a Packet of Crisps?) The back cover of this gem depicts Max and our Gal apparently fighting over "Delilah", with the bearded and close-cropped Sun writer-to-be wearing a very tasteful chunky "Garry" bracelet on his right wrist and an equally tasteful Union Jack tattoo on the left — the legend beneath it is unfortunately illegible. Obvious, irrefutable proof that the man is a baby-eating neo-Nazi I'd say.

Whatever his past, his present as a homophobic, right-wing drivel-writer for the most contemptible publication on sale in this country has got to be worse. Still, anybody who can write the line "I'd like to fuck you Sandra but I'm bursting for a shite" (from the above EP) probably has little difficulty writing for the Sun.

Yours faithfully,
G. WOOLGAR,
London NW11.

Trouble and stroif

Sir,

How strange that Trevor Henry, a man I have never met and never heard of, should write to you saying that I have a "considerable temper".

This came as some surprise to those who actually do know me and my sweet-natured disposition first hand!

This odd "gentleman" then rambles on about how my husband "invariably invited his Oi-drinking buddies back to his house" for a good drinking session before he would dare creep up our stairs.

Again most peculiar as we lived not in a house but in a council flat on the Ferrier Estate in Kidbrooke, SE London, at the time!

Henry lives in such an obvious fantasy world that I can only assume that he is related to Wendy Henry, the imaginative former editor of The People.

By all means have a go at Garry — I know I have! — but kindly leave me out of it.

Yours, hoping for an early end to the Eye's belated OiOi obsession,

MRS CAROL A. BUSHELL,
London SE9.

Sheet heap

Sir,

I thought it only natural that you should hear of the lengths to which certain parties have gone in the development of new business markets. In several bookstores and supermarkets throughout the city of Riyadh, including my local supplier in the district of Rawdah (not previously known as stockists of airlifted newspapers), piles of copies of The European are to be found on the Sunday following publication (if not earlier). Not only is this distribution network far wider and swifter than that enjoyed by lesser publications from Wapping or Marsh Wall, the premium on the cover price is less than 100 per cent (the rag sells here for a mere 6 riyals), compared to 300 per cent and upwards for any other airlifted newspaper (eg 10 riyals for any of the UK dailies).

I am pleased to report, however, that these extraordinary measures continue to go in vain. The newsstand salesman at a local luxury hotel (the Al-Khozama) admitted to me today that he sells "one, maybe two copies" of his weekly allocation of 15 before they are collected and replaced with the latest issue, a pattern which is all too obviously duplicated around the city. The large European community here, despite their lifestyle of Elan and perfect command of the English language, are seemingly one natural market Mr Maxwell is having difficulty with in penetrating with his organ.

Yours sincerely,
DAVID MacPHEE,
Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.

Uplifting

Sir,

Stockport Council can be expected to use some unique methods of raising finance, including trying to retrieve money from the dead (Eye 745), given its extravagant taste in interior decorating. The council has been at pains to keep hidden from the local populace that it has signed a contract to refurbish and maintain the town hall lifts. The cost has been estimated as in the region of £¾million (yes, £750,000!!). The specification calls for the finest hardwood panelling, terracotta tiles and gold leaf designs on the mirrored interior. (Some are even talking about marble panels!!) No wonder even the dead must pay.

Yours faithfully,
ANTHONY DAVID JONES,
Ashton-Under-Lyne, Lancashire.

Prima donnas

Sir,

I am cancelling my subscription to Private Eye. Who's the dirty dog who denounced our esteemed friend and colleague Rodney Milnes in Pseud's Corner (Eye 745)? For my money, the editor of Opera magazine is the finest phrase-maker in the scribbling stakes, and there is never one iota of pseudery in his elegant and witty prose. I fell off my chair when I read his description of David Pountney's Macbeth witches. Some of Rodney's best friends are dear little old ladies in floral print dresses etc but I bet it was a member of the Provisional Women's Institute Handbag Tendency who shopped him.

Yours sincerely,
GRAEME KAY,
Editor, Classical Music magazine.

Misgivings

Sir,

I read, with some amusement, about the "success" of "Mr Miskimmin" in Eye 744 and his million-pound win, as long as he lives for another 20 years!

However, what really got me was, within days of reading the article I received some junk mail proudly announcing that I could win thousands of pounds, or a car, just like — guess who? MRS *Miskimmin, also of N Ireland.*

Coincidence? Or con? I'm seriously considering changing my name!

If there's any mileage in it for you, I'd love a free subscription!

Yours loyally,
ANDY HILL,
London NW5.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"It may have just been going wide, but nevertheless it was a great shot on target."
TERRY VENABLES, ITV
(John Sharp)

"An equalizer here remember, could lead to a level score after 90 minutes".
ELTON WELSBY, ITV
(Dave Trott)

"...the two supporters of both teams..."
COLIN MOYNIHAN, Channel 1 News, Turin
(R. Stuart)

Interviewer: *"Did you underestimate them?"*
Bobby Robson: *"No... but they played better than we thought."*
BBC, England v Cameroon
(Ross Bland)

"Let's close our eyes and see what happens."
JIMMY GREAVES, ITV
(Jeremy Claydon)

"Hodge has been unfit for two weeks — well, no, for fourteen days."
BOBBY ROBSON, Saint & Greavsie, ITV
(Andrew Battarbee)

"We're going to Wembley. We're going to Wembley."
SUPPORTERS, England v Cameroon
(Chris Strang)

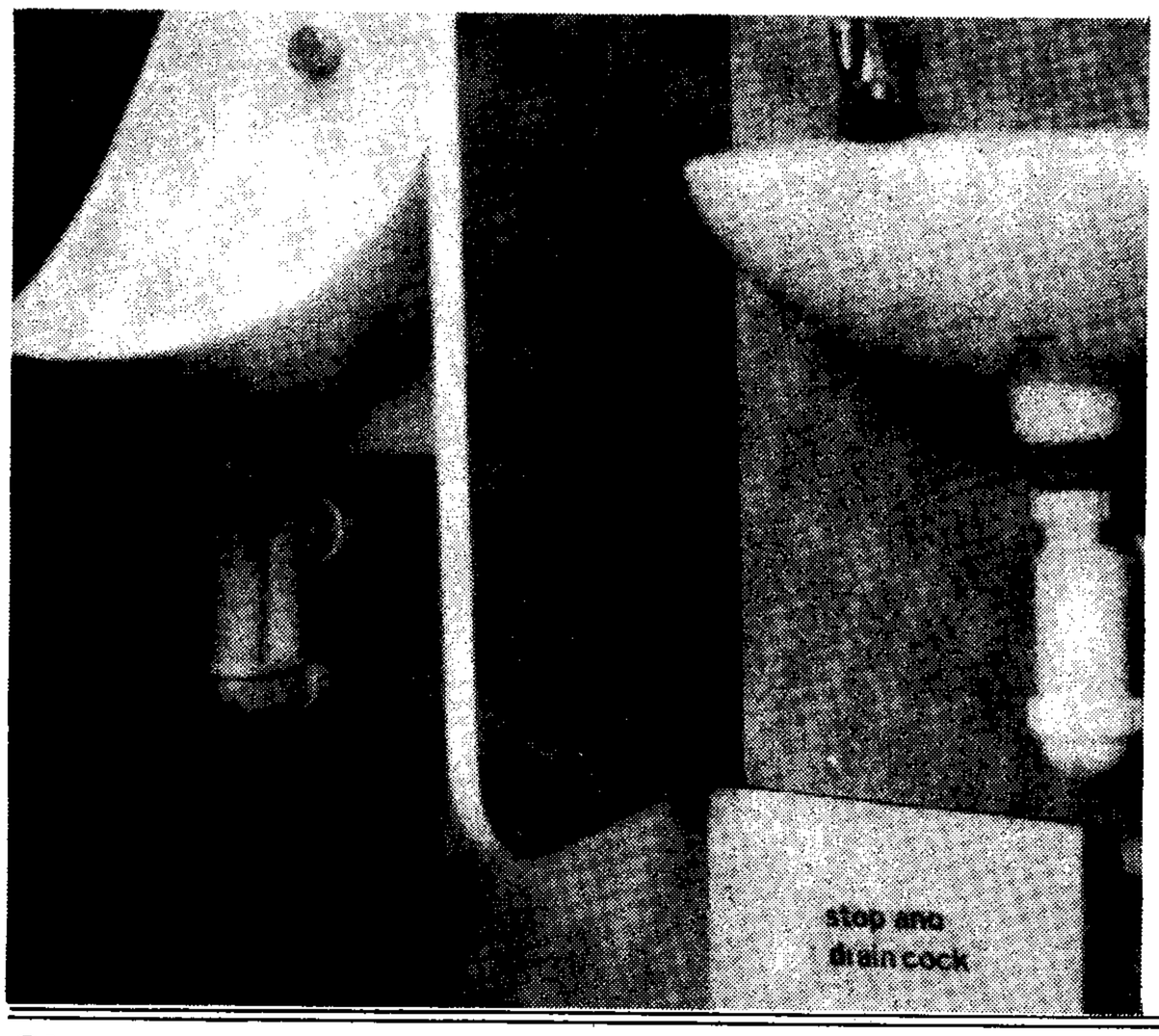
"We've got to win tonight, or we've not got to lose. So really we're playing for two results."
BOBBY ROBSON, TV-am
(Richard J. Graham)

"Platt... singularly in two minds."
JOHN MOTSON, BBC, England v West Germany
(Simon Walsham)

"England under siege now, perhaps for the first time in a length of time."
JOHN MOTSON, BBC, England v West Germany
(C.J. Wright)

I-SPY

Royal Tunbridge Wells



Submitted by Ed Poore. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Glasnost

Sir,

The two recent pieces by Piloti on Glasgow clearly demonstrate that the great columnist has never been near the place and that his/her/its informant is one of a class who made the city what it was 20 years ago.

The errors of fact are too many and varied to tackle in one letter. Suffice it to say that, while Glasgow has made enormous strides recently, it is still an old industrial city in much need of more inward investment and redevelopment. Folksy hangers-on may feel left out as the real world catches up with them, but those of us who actually earn a living here regard such things as new roads as essential.

It could be argued that Glasgow Green should be commemorated as an historic site in recognition of the many great battles which took place there between the likes of the Fleet, the Tong and the Brighton Billie Boys. On the other hand, the building of a leisure complex could give credence to the old folk song:

"So they built a muckle swimming pool for Easterhouse's neds,

And instead of stabbing passers-by, they drown them now instead."

Yours faithfully,
AL ADAM,
Kelvinside, Glasgow.

That's enough deputies — Ed.

Sir,

The Mail on Sunday already has a Deputy Editor. No one wants to make him cross. That is the reason why no new Deputy Editor has been appointed. It is as simple and as boring as that.

Yours faithfully,
STEWART STEVEN,
Mail on Sunday.

Ilbeck

Sir,

Re: Welbeck

Although we have hardly had a spare minute, what with preparing our papers for the Tribunal etc, we did read Teacher Stern Selby's letter (Eye 744) on the Welbeck, and feel obliged to say that the Welbeck withdrew its appeal against the closure order obtained to us.

Yours faithfully,
DR B.H. O'CONNOR,
(Consultant in Public Health Medicine),
Bloomsbury Health Authority.

Late bloomer

Sir,

With regard to your 745 edition dated 6 July 1990, page 6, bottom left hand corner item, I really must congratulate you and your contributor for being right on the ball and bang up to date.

The events referred to concerning Bob Tyerman (now on the Sunday Telegraph) and myself are a full 14 years old!

Surely you can do better.

Yours sincerely,
STEVE LIEBMANN,
Buchanan Communications, London EC4.

Boredom

Sir,

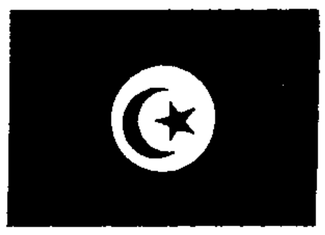
Keith Flett's letter complaining about bores is quite the most boring I have come across in a long while. Surely a place in the Top Ten Bores is well merited for this prize example of the bore's craft?

Yours,
PETER FRIAR,
London N8.

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from Tunisia



from Our Own Correspondent

ON THE FINE beaches of our Mediterranean resort of Hammamet, topless and bikini-clad women soak up the sun. In the smart hotels of Tunis, Monastir and Sousse whisky flows freely, the dance floors are crowded and casinos are planned. How long will it be before these sinful pleasures of the flesh are banned?

Our president Zine el Abidine Ben Ali is a worried man. A wave of Islamic fundamentalism is threatening from Algeria, where the mad mullahs won decisive victories in local elections in June. Islamic militants are already well established here, especially in colleges and high schools, and many young people of both sexes belong to the Rebirth movement.

So far our government has refused to recognise Rebirth as a legal political party. In any case, Rebirth boycotted the Tunisian "elections" protesting at restrictions in access to state-controlled media and police intimidation. The fundamentalists were in good company as all the legal opposition parties did the same. Even so, Ben Ali was taking no chances. No one seriously doubts that the date of elections was fixed two days *before* not *after* Algeria's local elections because he feared a massive sympathy vote for the Islamic cause.

The ruling RCD party (Rassemblement Constitutionel Democratique) has a tired, demoralised air. It stands for secularism and a very limited form of democracy. But in Tunisia, as in so many Arab countries today, secular slogans cannot produce the popular appeal of religious fervour. Official claims of an 80 per cent turnout at the polls were laughed at and every one of our Parliament's 141 seats is held by members of the ruling RCD.

One sign of the government's nervousness was the recent dragging out from enforced obscurity of the "Supreme Combattant" and ex-president Habib Bourguiba. Ben Ali received him in a much-publicised interview. The megalomaniac 86-year-old former dictator was removed from power in 1987, but he remains Tunisia's grand old man. Presumably Ben Ali — a man utterly without charisma — hopes to gain reflected glory from being seen with Bourguiba, senile though he is.

Meanwhile the economy stagnates and years of drought have harmed agriculture, increasing expensive food imports. Mass tourism provides much of our foreign exchange, together with earnings sent back by those Tunisians settled or working in France. Some progress is being made, but its benefits have not percolated down: a small elite lives very well, but even with jobs, ordinary people have a struggle to buy necessities. Unemployment is increasing rapidly because of the high birth rate.

A thriving tourism industry with two million visits expected this year provides a lot of jobs, but nearly all are unskilled and poorly paid. Added to this, the opposition parties — socialists, communists and fundamentalists — all seize on the indignities of tourism. We are becoming a nation of waiters, gigolos and worse. For many of the younger generation, even some of the well educated, the only way to earn a living is to milk the wallets of rich foreigners.

Other foreigners — investors — are starting up manufacturing operations here. They come from France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and some even from Britain, attracted by generous tax holidays and our cheap, abundant, semi-skilled labour. Not only does the government crack down hard on independent trade unions or strikers, but in most workplaces industrial action to improve wages is ruled out because of fierce competition for jobs.

The IMF has repeatedly demanded "structural adjustments", but these have been limited. There were riots back in 1984 when hefty increases in bread prices were announced. Ever since, official bread prices have stayed put. What changed was the weight of loaves: reduced last year to 500 grams, down by 100. The heavy cost of bread subsidies may be disastrous to the state, yet it is vital to the survival of the regime.

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

There are some things that really restore one's faith in human nature. I'd always assumed there must be some good in Ridley, particularly after he waved through Maurice's planning permission for the Executive Homes in an area of outstanding natural loveliness outside Northiam, and as you know he's always been a forty-a-day man like myself, untipped.

However, I never thought he had the superb grasp of foreign affairs he displayed last week in that little rag that did the dirty on the Queen Mother. I don't know if you saw the article, done by the son of our old friend Bunter from next door, Mr Nicely Nicely Junior, but Ridley who had clearly had a few and wasn't pulling his punches, sounded off about this whole Euro nonsense in tones worthy of the late Sir Winston in the darkest days of the '39 Show: to wit never trust your slimy Frog who is in the pocket of the Big Bad Hun, scratch Herr Kohl who can't even speak English and you will find another Adolf, Eurocrats, i.e. that little cookie-pusher Leon Brittan et al should not be allowed to monkey with the destinations of nations.

I can tell you, Bill, I very rarely blub, but when I heard his words read out by some sniggering little Communist on the Today programme I had to blow my nose for a very long time and drained a large bottle of Johnny Walker in celebration. The Boss, I may say, who was listening on her portable while Monsieur Andreas was doing her hair, tore the dryer out of his hand and performed a veritable war-dance, saying the little bugger Ridley had finally had the guts to say what she'd been telling him to say for the last twelve months and there was certainly a peerage in it for him.

However, I couldn't help feeling a bit gloomy once the euphoria had worn off and the reptiles were allowed in to pick over the rubble. One of the lessons you learn in this game is that those who spell out the simple truth in words of one syllable always end up with a drawerful of carving knives in their back, abandoned by their friends and reviled by the opposition. Sure enough, Hurd was on the blower before you could say Guten Morgen to tell the Boss that his position had been made quite untenable and that Ridley would have to go. Then little Major joined in, complaining that his delicate Euro-negotiations had been sabotaged. I put in a word for the old boy but the Boss had begun to dither. When Ridley flew in from Budapest or wherever he was hiding, she told him his job was on the line but she was fighting tooth and nail to save him. Unfortunately Ridley had had a few on the plane and foolishly spoke his mind, pointing out that he was only saying what she had been saying all along – i.e. that the Krauts were planning another takeover under their new führer Kohl. The Boss angrily denied this, and Ridley then got quite nasty, saying he wasn't prepared to stand up for her beliefs, Hurd was a prize w**ker, and much more in the same vein. After that it had to be curtains for our chainsmoking friend.

Poor old Hurd got more egg on his face when the reptiles produced the minutes of a meeting organised by Margaret last March when she invited a lot of deadbeat dons down to Chequers to fill her in about Germany. Little Powell, her Foreign Affairs adviser, had apparently prepared a cunningly worded questionnaire on the lines of "Which of these words would you use to describe the Bosch – a) arrogant; b) beer-swilling; c) goosestepping?" All perfectly sound stuff, in keeping with HM Government policy, but there was a hell of a stink when it got out and all the eggheads began to say that it didn't accord in any way with their views. In fact, of course, Powell had just cooked up a minute to the effect that the experts all agreed with her because he thought that was what she wanted to be told.

Did you get my Monster p.c. from the Lone Star State?

Fortunately the Boy Mark was away gun-running for the Saudis, but Mother Burgerdorf invited us over to a poolside clambake for three hundred friends, "to meet the grandson". I can't remember whether this encounter in fact occurred as they were serving one of those cocktails in an individual glass bucket with fruit floating in it, and I think I may have keeled over when the dancing started. I was certainly feeling very much under the weather the next morning when we were summoned to take part in a photo opportunity featuring Basil Bush throwing horse-shoes at a young heifer and then tying himself up in a lassoo.

The Summit per se, as you can imagine, was a pretty good ballsacher, air-conditioning going full blast, and a great many Eurobores speaking with tongues. The only mildly amusing moment came when Basil Bush turned up to give his final speech and made it pretty clear by his body language on reaching the podium that he'd left all his notes behind. As a result he did his standard recitation for Ladies' Evenings, a very long poem about a Cowboy and his dying three-legged horse, which produced by far the loudest applause of the day.

Apparently Maurice is convinced he's going to make a killing on Sheppard in the Archbish Stakes, having laid money on him for a place when the odds were very long indeed. Entre nous the Boss is rooting for Habgood, that very gloomy bugger from York, the one who was struck by lightning by the Almighty for talking dirty.

Are you coming to the Major's Diamond Divorce Celebrations at Pyecombe on the 21st? Ambulances have been laid on and it promises to be quite an occasion.

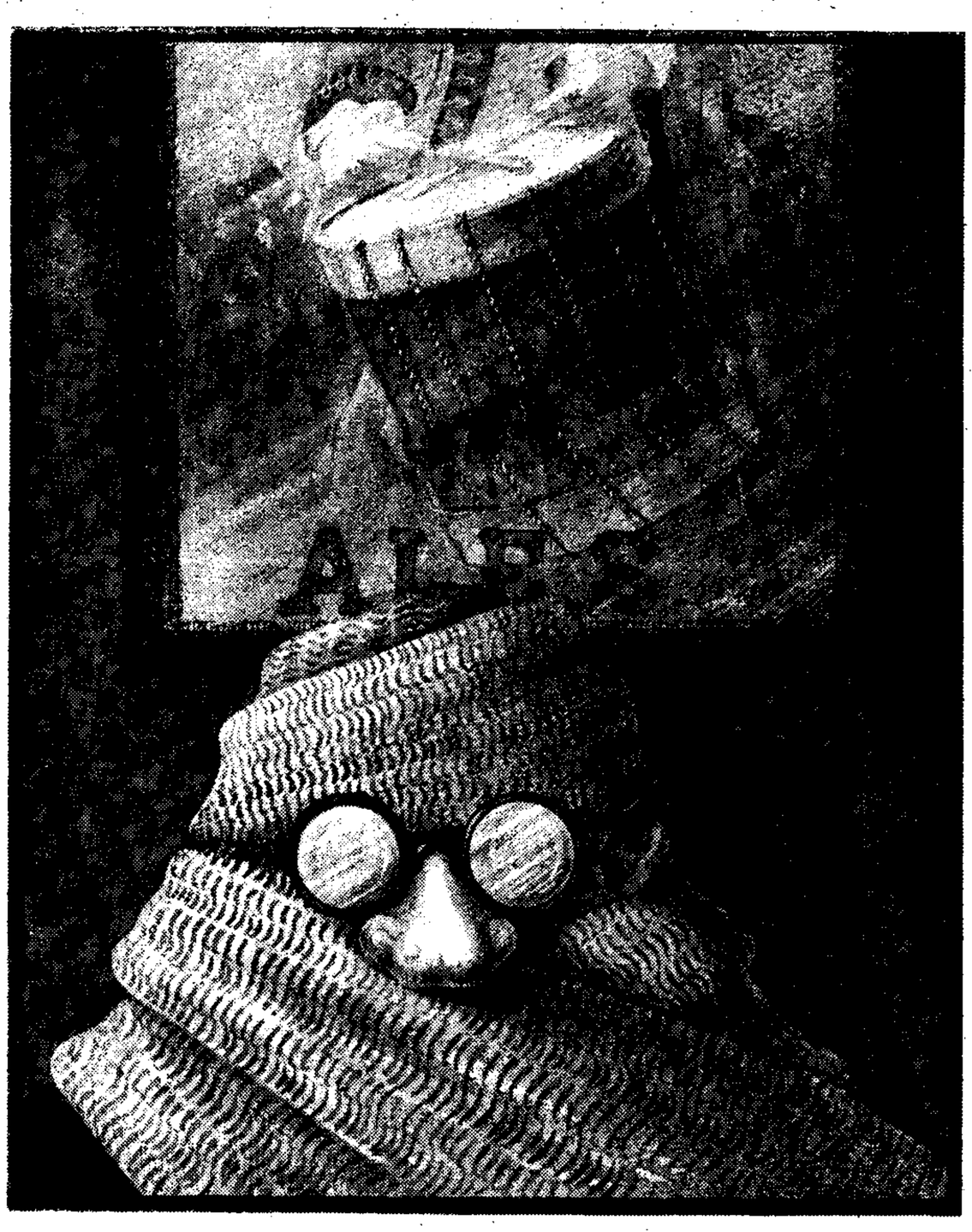
Yours still standing,

Denis

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

Illuminated by BERT KITCHEN



"SWITCHING channels on my Lusakan hotel room's TV, I came across an interview with some chap that the interviewer thought was Howard Wilkinson, the boss of Leeds United. He was answering questions about Vinny Jones and Gordon Strachan, while I - a keen United fan - knew he wasn't Wilkinson at all.

"In fact he turned out to be a Leeds Council employee called Colly Morris, whose job is to inspect playgrounds. Later on I found out that he and a Leeds shopkeeper had formed a team called the City of Leeds and had got themselves invited to Zambia by the Lusakan Junior Chamber of Commerce to play three charity matches against Zambian teams. Needless to say, they lost them all and the local players felt wonderful."

A SPOKESMAN for Taylor Woodrow, the developers, has said that the 100 employees of Abingdon Tannery, who were sacked when his firm demolished it, will be invited to the party being given to mark the completion of The Old Tannery, a luxury home park they have built on the site.

ON HIS speech to the jury, Mr Cumber, for the Crown, said: "While having a drink in the Drum & Fife, Mr Wilson decided to rob Spink's Amusement Arcade. Being a regular patron of the arcade, he disguised his face with a scarf, and his satisfaction at not being able to recognise himself in the bedroom mirror was confirmed when his dog Champion attacked him as he came downstairs.

"Mr Wilson then bicycled to the arcade, ignoring the people who waved to him on the way, took £250 from the change kiosk attendant at knifepoint, hid £200 of it in the car park, and was arrested as he lost the last of the £50 he had pocketed on the arcade's machines.

Admitting his theft, he and the police returned to the car park to find that the £200 had been re-stolen by someone who had spotted him hiding it."

INTERVIEWED during a break in rehearsals for his production of *The Wild Duck*, Sir Peter Hall admitted that he had sacked Topsy and Flopsy, the rabbits that he had cast "to give the play a touch of realism. Unhappily," continued Sir Peter, "Topsy, once on, refused to leave the stage, and Flopsy's ears were so small people mistook her for a rat."

ASKED to explain why he was found removing lead from the roof of a house in Fallowfield Road, Bradford, on a Tuesday and from a house in Dunsford Avenue, also in Bradford, on the following Thursday, Mr Trevor Richmond said:

"In the first case, I wanted to see how much it weighed, and in the second case I wanted to see what was underneath it."

"WHEN WE received a rush order for 312 SuperSupreme pizzas, with 14 varieties of topping, our staff worked like coolies for two hours and I hired a special delivery van," said Mr Paul Buchanan, manager of the Bathurst, New South Wales, Pizza Hut.

"But the delivery address turned out to be Bathurst Prison, from where one of the convicts had called the Hut during a warders' strike, and a trusty took them in and gave our driver an IOU signed in the governor's name."

MISS TANYA Brofsky, newly elected Secretary of the Mongolian Communist Party, has informed the local newspaper that her executive committee have expelled the former President of Mongolia, Mr Yumzhadin Tsedeubel (82), from the Party Youth Movement.

INFORMATION: Yorkshire Evening Post, 15.4.90; Ealing Informer, 18.5.90; Belfast Telegraph, 18.5.90; Cambridge Evening News, 25.4.90; Bradford Telegraph, 3.5.90; West Australian, 3.5.90; The East Indian Magazine, May 1990.

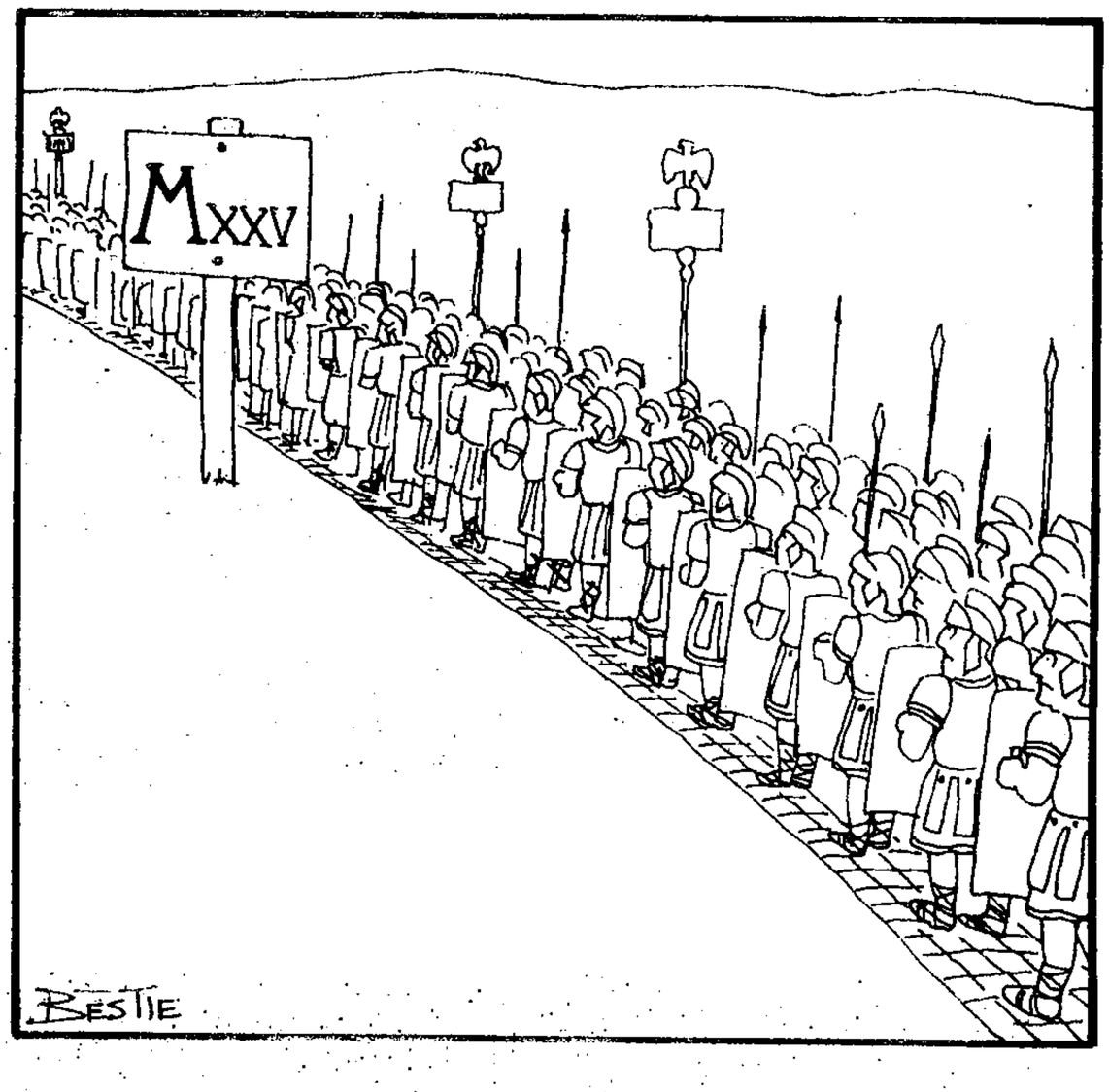
MONITORS: Jim Conway, Angie Walker, Aidan O'Connor, C. Baker-Pearce, C. Wilson, Nigel Clarke, Stuart Layzell.

20 July 1990 ● THE SUNDAY TIMES

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Lord Hailsham	7	20,612
2	Andrew Lloyd-Webber	—	—
3	Fred Trueman	6	842
4	Deputy Speaker Betty Boothroyd	9	22
5	Lord Rees-Mogg	1	220
6	Michael Ignatieff	—	—
7	Clive James	4	111
8	Angela Rumbold	—	—
9	Conor Cruise O'Brien	3	64
10	Madonna	10	304

We would like to thank the Editor of *The Listener* and the General Synod of the Church of England for their help in compiling this week's Bores.



Those Ridley-Thatcher letters

Dear Nicholas,

I was deeply saddened when I heard the news that I had sacked you. I shall always be grateful for your huge contribution to the success of this government over the years. I know of no other minister with your integrity, intellect and grasp of foreign affairs. That is because I have sacked them all.

I have decided to fill the huge gap that your untimely dismissal has left with another yes-man whose name escapes me.

Please give my regards to Julie *(Judy? Check name of wife please, Bernard)* and accept my sincere condolences at the unhappy loss of your job.

Auf Wiedersehen,
Margaret Thatcher.

PS: The whole thing was the fault of Hurd and Major. I was all for keeping you until they pointed out it might make me unpopular.

Dear Margaret,

I am surprised after our phone conversation in which you said I could stay on if I apologised, to discover that I have resigned.

I thought I had made it clear that when I gave the interview I was under the impression that I was drunk and that the tape-recorder had been turned off by Nigel's boy while I nipped out to buy a packet of fags.

I now discover that I was sober and giving an on-the-record interview as a Cabinet Minister.

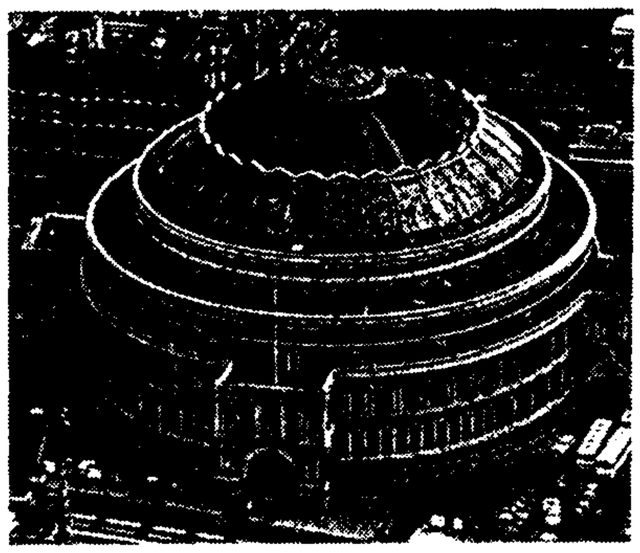
Frankly, I cannot see what the fuss is about. You and I have always seen eye-to-eye on the German question and I was simply spelling it out on the clear understanding that no-one reads the *Spectator*.

However, I do realise that I have no choice but to accept my resignation.

I shall now be able to spend more time with my fags.

Yours ever,
Nicholas.

New in the Eye



Yes, It's Proms Rhyming Slang!

Sir Henry Wood	**Not much good**
Albert Hall	**Can't hear at all**
Promenaders	**Turn up in Ladas**
Michael Tippett	**Best to skip it**
Full house	**Johann Strauss**
Gin and tonic	**Royal Philharmonic**
Won't say no	**LSO**
Glagolitic	**Paralytic**
Simon Rattle	**Interval tattle**
Margaret Price	**Scotch 'n' ice**
Sherry by the glass	**Charles McKerras**
Hope and glory	**They voted Tory**
Union Jacks	**Not many blacks**

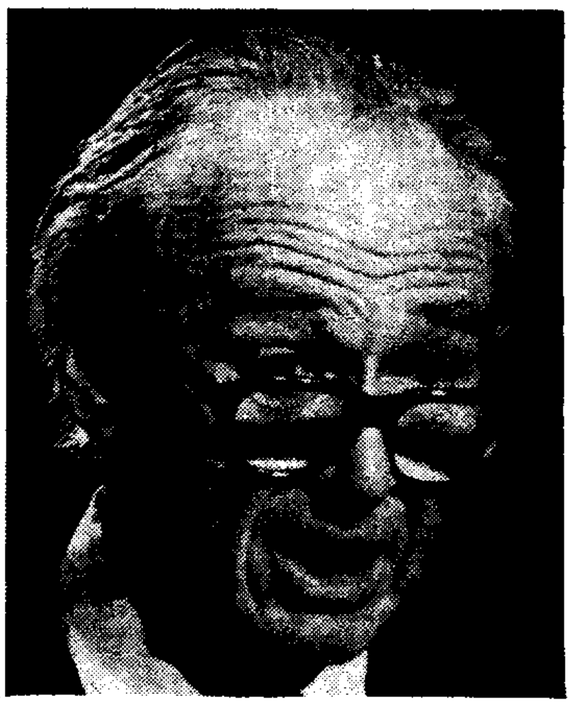
(That's enough slang. Ed.)

DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
THE TIME LORDS HAD DEFIED THE MAGGON OVER THE K-9 CRISIS...
BEWARE OF THE HOGG
IT'S BAD NEWS FOR ANYTHING BARKING.
NO WONDER THE MAGGON'S ANNOYED.
MUZZLE THE LORDS!
K9 REGISTRATION
THE BRUTES ARE RUNNING WILD!
MEANWHILE THE VENUSIAN ARCH-FIEND WAS TRYING TO SUCK UP TO THE PROLES WITH THEIR DESIGNATED 'PROLE RECREATION ACTIVITY' – FOOTBALL...
I LOVE THIS 'FOOTERBALL', WITH ITS NIGEL MANSELL AND ITS IAN BOTHAM – 'ERE WE ARE! 'ERE WE ARE! COME ON, YOU REDSKINS!
ALL BLACKS
LINEY
NO – IT'S ENGLAND AND 'GAZZA', O INFALLIBLE ONE!
RIGHT – BRITISH GAZZA Plc – SELL IT!
OH NO – A PROFESSIONAL FOOL!
ELSEWHERE, THE MAGGON'S FLUNKEY, MAJOR JOHN, HAD GOOD NEWS...
AS THE ARCHITECT OF THE GALACTIC ECONOMIC REVIVAL, I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THE VENUSIAN PNOD IS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH.
WHY?
ER...BECAUSE IT SAYS SO IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.
YOU DON'T FOOL US, MAJOR – YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR ARSE FROM YOUR ELBOW.
NONSENSE! YOU'RE TALKING OUT OF YOUR ELBOW!
SOMEWHERE IN HYPEDRIVE, COLONEL DAN DIRE, THE DARLING OF THE SPACE FLEET, WAS INVOLVED IN A COMPLEX PUBLIC RELATIONS EXERCISE...
...BUT ENOUGH OF THIS JOLLY AMIABLE JAPER-MALARKEY, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR POLICIES.
WOGA-SCOPE
ER...CAN WE HAVE A BIT MORE OF THE AMIABLE JAPER-MALARKEY PLEASE, TERRY?
YOU'VE GOT A BIT OF A SENSE OF HUMOUR, HAVEN'T YOU, COLONEL?
WELL, I'VE EMPLOYED PIGBY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN.
VACUOUS VOTE-LOSIN' VAPOIDS!
BUT A NEW DAWN WAS BREAKING FOR THE OLD GALAXY, AS TENSION DECREASED AND THE COLD STAR WAR WAS DECLARED OVER.
DEFENCE SHIELDS DOWN! DE-ACTIVATE DEATH RAYS! SET PHASERS TO NEGOTIATED SETTLEMENT!
OH NO! THAT'S THE LAST BOMBSHELL ANYONE'S DROPPING!
SO WHAT DO WE DO FOR AN ENEMY? PEOPLE NEED A FOCUS OF HATRED!
STEP FORWARD THE RIDLEX OF QUARG!
RIDLEX

A Cabby-net Minister writes

Every week a well-known cabinet minister airs his views on an issue of topical importance.

This week: **Nick Ridley** (Cab No. 1939-1945) on Germany and the Common Market.



Take my word for it, guv, you can't trust those Germans. They tried it twice and now they're trying it again with this Common Market. I mean, they're taking it over, aren't they? That bloke, wotsisname, Kohl, just as bad as Adolf, that's what I say. Give it two years and there'll be storm-troopers goose-stepping up Whitehall. I mean, I've got nothing against the Common Market, but when you see that lot in Brussels singing *Deutschland Uber Alles* and telling us what we can and can't do, it fair gives me the hump, I don't mind telling you. Cor, that Leon Brittan. No one voted him in, did they? But there he is, a four-by-two, givin' us our marching orders. If you ask me, that Hitler had the right idea with that lot. I 'ad that Lord Cockfield in the back of the cab once.

Next week: **Nick Ridley takes it all back.**

By kind permission of Dominic Lawson, Editor of CABS & CABMEN.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By
Drs. A. COSTLER, A. WILLY
and others

TWO
ROLLING STONES

Tickets for Friday July 6th. Face value or will exchange for large cheeseplant.

Northampton Chronicle and Echo

"Good grief! We're ALL *worried about defence cuts!"*

TO THE EDITOR OF PRIVATE EYE

From Lord Weasel of Wyfront

Dear Sir,

I was appalled to read in this week's *Spectator* what purported to be a verbatim account of a private interview between Mr Nicholas Ridley and a journalist, Dominic Lawson. In giving wide publicity to remarks made at a private luncheon, Mr Lawson has offended against every cannon of decency, propriety, good taste, decorum and grapefruit segments *(shurely "gentlemanly behaviour"? Ed)*. Surely civilisation as we know it must be on the brink of collapse, when a gentleman cannot give an interview in the privacy of his own home without it appearing word for word in the *Spectator*.

I knew Mr Lawson's father in the days when he was an important enough person for me to invite to luncheon, and I can assure you that he would never have behaved as his son has now done, in this outrageous, contemptible, disgraceful, shocking, unforgivable, leopard skin accessories *(shurely "reprehensible"? Ed)*.

Surely Mr Lawson must have been fully aware that reprinting Mr Ridley's table talk in this fashion would only serve to make Mr Ridley appear a complete idiot in the eyes of the Queen Mother and her millions of admirers, God bless her.

Yours in disgust,
Y.O. WYATT
Tote of Tote Hall.

That Lawson-Ridley *Spectator* Menu In Full

In the Soup

— ❋ —

(Guests May Smoke Between And Indeed During Courses)

— ❋ —

Flounder Chez Nicotine
or
Sole Dominique and Green Belt Salad

— ❋ —

Sir Leon of Beef
with
Brussels Sprouts in Butter Mountain, Sauer-kraut and Kohl-rabi

— ❋ —

Queen Mother of Puddings
or
Complete Fool
or
Raspberries from Everyone

— ❋ —

Roquebottom or Nimbyswold

— ❋ —

Wines
Vinho Veritas
and
Sack

Yes, they're back!

By popular demand

Cossacks II

Those cute little creatures you thought you'd never see again have re-emerged into Court 13, spreading chaos through the British legal system.

94th Year

The case resumed today of the appeal against the appeal against the judgement for the dismissal with security for costs for whatever it was that was decided in the case of Count Nikolai Tallstory v. The Rest of the World.

Before Mr Justice Donalduck

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE QC *(for Lord Allalongtimeago)*: My Lord, since it is 10 o'clock and luncheon is only two hours away, I will be brief. My client, Lord Tobyjug, a retired war criminal of impeccable reputation, was awarded the sum of £2,412 million in damages against the defendant Count Tallstory, which I submit is not unreasonable in view of the astonishing campaign of vilification, slander, libel, denigration and contumelious malice which has been ceaselessly waged since the year 1973 by someone who is little more than a lunatic in sheep's trousers.

COUNT TALLSTORY QC *(appearing for himself)*: I would like to refer the attention of Your Lordship, whom I trust has a greater understanding of the law than that demented fathead Mr Justice Michael Cocklecassock — no offence meant, you know...

JUDGE DONALDUCK: Please proceed to your point, Count Tallstory, we have very little time before I fall asleep...

COUNT TALLSTORY: My Lord, I have three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one points to make with regard to the summing-up of Mr Justice Cocklecassock, and I would therefore urge Your Lordship to sit back and relax since I shall probably be on my feet for several months...

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: My Lord, I object. My client is a frail and elderly gentleman who has already suffered enough from the time this case has taken. During the previous hearing he was reduced to tears on many occasions and once sustained severe injury when, in the course of descending from the witness box for the luncheon adjournment he tripped over a large bundle of money, the property of my learned colleague Sir Rampton Batman...

JUDGE: Did I hear mention of a luncheon adjournment? Since it is now half-past eleven, it is high time we all went off to the Garrick — except you, of course, Count Tallstory *(sycophantic laughter from barristers)*.

The court resumed at 2.30.

COUNT TALLSTORY: My Lord, I would like to draw the court's attention to an astonishing new piece of evidence which my researchers have only just brought to light. This so alters the view which we historians take of this matter that it completely invalidates all of last year's proceedings and proves my complete innocence of all the charges which Lord Allalongtimeago has brought against me.

JUDGE: Are you referring to the diagram in Bundle Z at the divider, showing the mass graves of Croats at some village in Slavonia?

TALLSTORY: No, My Lord, I propose to get on to that matter next February.

(Barristers faint with pleasure at thought of astronomic fees, but then remember with horror that no one is going to pay them)

TALLSTORY: I refer of course to the document in Bundle P, namely the letter from the late Sir Anthony Eden to Gen. Zachary-Amstrad of the 15th Corps inviting him to luncheon on 24 April — which proves conclusively and beyond any shadow of...

JUDGE: Did you say "luncheon", my dear Count? I thought we'd only just had it. Never mind, this seems an appropriate moment to take afternoon tea.

(During the tea interval, the voice of Mr Justice Cockledavies could be heard summing up in the adjacent courtroom in the case of Old Boot v. Soames and The Tatler)

COCKLEDAVIES: You may think, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, that to describe Miss Soames as an old boot is entirely appropriate. That is up to me. But I would point out to you that my much-loved and now very famous Volvo car also has an old boot. It contains a number of interesting items, viz. 1 tartan picnic rug, the property of my lady wife, Lady Cocklecassock, slightly covered in dog hairs. Also one copy of the *AA Guide to Hotels & Restaurants*, 1934 edition, still in its way an invaluable vade mecum should one find oneself touring in the West Country. But I digress. Let us put ourselves, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, in the position of Miss Soames when she reads in the *Tatler* that she has been sacked. She may think that there are easier ways of earning a living, such as being a judge. On the other hand, she may not. That is entirely a matter for you to decide. When it comes to the damages that you will award to Mrs MacLegover of the Sporran Wee Massage and Sauna Health Farm, Auchtermuchty, you are not to think in terms of Mickey Mouse ticking away in a taxicab on his way to the Garrick...

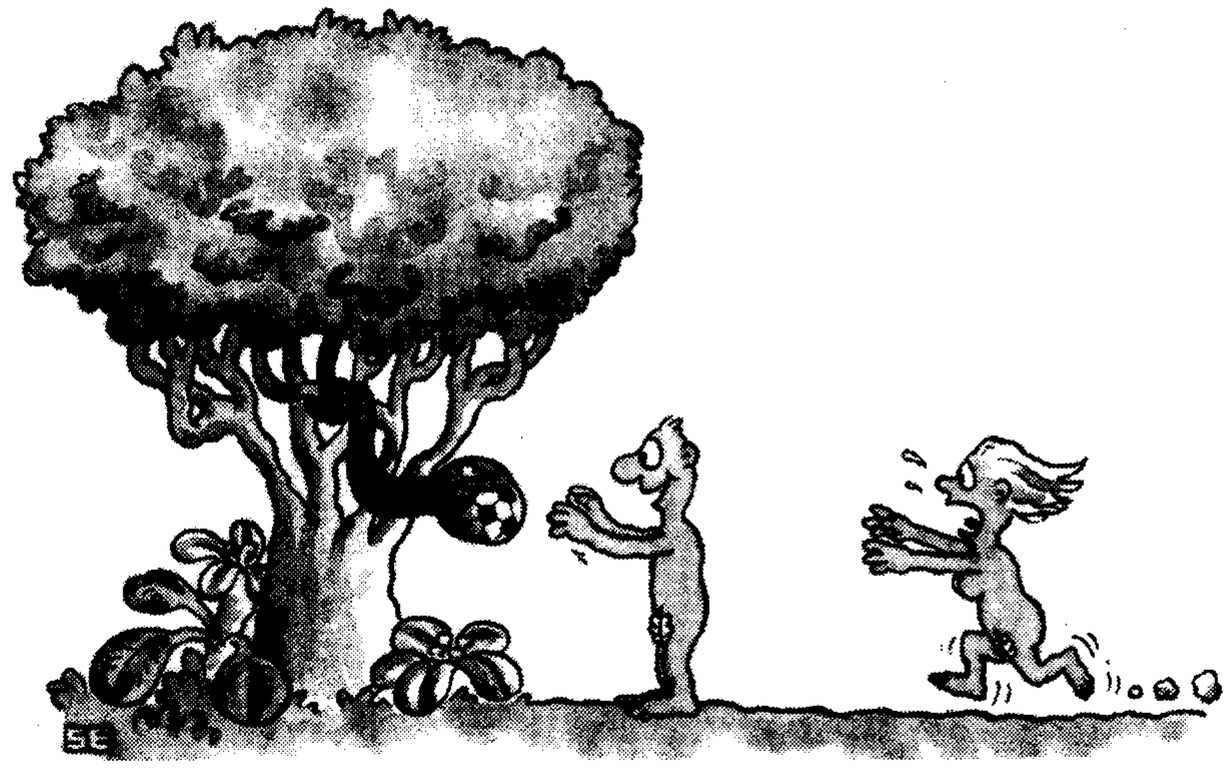
(Upon the resumption of play after the tea interval, Counsel for Lord Allalongtimeago addressed an urgent plea to the court)

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: I must ask, My Lord, whether my client's ghastly ordeal is to be prolonged indefinitely?

JUDGE: Of course not, Sir Hartley. I can't wait to find Count Tallstory guilty — but it is incumbent on this court to spin things out a little, lest it look as though we are not giving a fair hearing to this bogus Count who masquerades as a famous novelist in order to win sympathy from the jury.

TALLSTORY: You see, My Lord, you are just like the rest of them. You are all against me. You are all part of a huge Establishment conspiracy to silence me in my tireless efforts to establish the truth. I hereby give notice that, whatever this court decides, I will appeal against it even if you find in my favour.

(The case continues)



HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Diana has been invited to a conference on the role of the family. Should she go?

Now read on...

"I MEAN, Mother Theresa is going to be there, so it's bound to be a worthwhile type of thing. It's very important, the family, don't you think?"

Charles turned from his 18th century mahogany Chancellor desk, only to find that his wife was no longer in the room. He could hear her voice talking animatedly to someone from the phone in the hallway. Stray phrases floated through the door.

"Great... A real hoot... Who else is coming? Do you think she'll be sober?... We're not having Bunty... Brill..."

Yes, the family. It *was* under threat. People were too busy, too superficial, in this twentieth century of ours. We had lost the feeling of community which you could see so clearly in the family patterns of tribal peoples. What was it Sir Laurens had said in his book *The Lost Tree Bandits of the Buthelezi*?

"When the man hunts in the forest, his wife stays at home."

How true that was, how very true. Or, in certain circumstances, how very untrue...

Diana rejoined him, looking radiant in her Jennifer Capriati puce chiffon mini suit.

"I don't know if I should get involved with these Save the Family types. I mean, it's all that Gillick woman and Mrs Whitehouse & co..."

"But, no, this Mother Theresa has asked for you personally. Listen to this." Charles picked up the *Sunday Express*, which had been highlighted with a purple felt-tip marker by Sir Alan Fitztightly.

" 'Diana has a beautiful spirit. She must tell Britain to protect her little ones. Only she can lead the way out of selfishness...' This is amazing stuff."

Charles could not conceal his pride in his young wife, and he glowed in his inner self.

"This isn't just some pop-star person saying all this. I mean, she is an incredible woman, a saint almost — did you see her on the television with Malcolm Muggeridge that time?"

"Who is he? Has he been in *Hello*?"

"No, no, he's an old sort of chap."

"Yawno. You and your wrinklies." Diana laughed.

"But she is incredibly wise, as I said, the nearest thing to a saint you'll ever meet, apart from someone like Jimmy Savile or, you know..."

"All right. All right, Chazza. If it makes you happy, I'll go."

With his good arm, Charles waved her goodbye.

"IS THE MUD warm enough, Your Highness?" asked the bearded figure of Dr Merrydown, the Royal Homeopathic Physician, as he poured another pitcher of scalding liquid Northumberland peat over Charles's injured arm.

"Aaargh! No, it's fine... Aaargh!"

Charles was sitting in his bath, immersed in the murky peatwater and attended by Dr Merrydown and his assistants Miss Blackthorn and Chief Strongbow, who had flown over specially from the Idaho Apache Homeopathic Réservation of North America.

Charles winced as the Red Indian specialist plunged a six-inch pine needle into his elbow.

"These natural methods?" Charles asked, seeking reassurance. "They really are so much better for one, aren't they?"

"Indeed they are, Your Majesty," soothed the bespectacled Miss Blackthorn. "All drugs are deadly," she warned, as she violently jerked his head 180° round with her ample forearm.

There was a loud click of bone. Charles saw stars and felt a searing pain up and down his spine.

"There, isn't that more comfortable?" said a voice from a long way off. "Mother Nature knows best, and we just humbly nudge her along."

Charles wondered vaguely how Diana was getting on and rather wished he were with her. Chief Strongbow approached him with a leather goblet foaming with a foul-smelling violet juice.

"Berries of Goolagong Tree crushed with Mandela Grass. Old Indian recipe for broken limb. First heap sick. Then heap good."

Charles leapt from the bath and, wrapping a towel around himself, ran to the safety of his bedroom, where he poured out a double Val Hennessey Five-Star brandy and used it to wash down a handful of aspirins.

CHARLES had never seen Diana look more radiant, more enthusiastic, more — what was the opposite of appalling? Appealing, that was it. She really was appealing.

Diana threw her arms around him, sending spasms of indescribable pain through his shoulder.

"It was wonderful!" she enthused. "The whole family thing is absolutely right. Kids are where it's all at."

"And what about Mother Theresa?"

"She didn't show. God a cold, apparently, but she sent me a note."

Charles brightened.

"How exciting. What did it say?"

Diana handed him Mother Theresa's message.

Charles read it in amazement.

"But she says here we have to have ten children."

Diana moved closer to him and touched his cheek with her finger.

"Yes. Isn't it wonderful, Chazza?"

Charles bolted upright and rapidly walked to the other side of the room and stared intently out of the window at the July dusk.

"No. It's appalling. Doesn't the woman realise that we're on the brink of disaster? The world's population is growing by a million every minute. We're going to upset the balance of nature, exhaust the world's resources. Pater put it very well in that speech the other day the other day — you may not like the old man that much, but he talks a lot of sense. I mean, *ten* children..."

He turned in dismay.

"I mean... Diana? Diana?"

But he was addressing only himself. Outside a family of bats hooted forlornly...

To be continued

WORLD OF MOTOR RACING

Accident-prone champion to quit

by Our Grand Prix Staff
Alain Watneys

"I've had enough." So said a tired and not-triumphant Nigel Ridley as he staggered from the wreckage of yet another disaster.

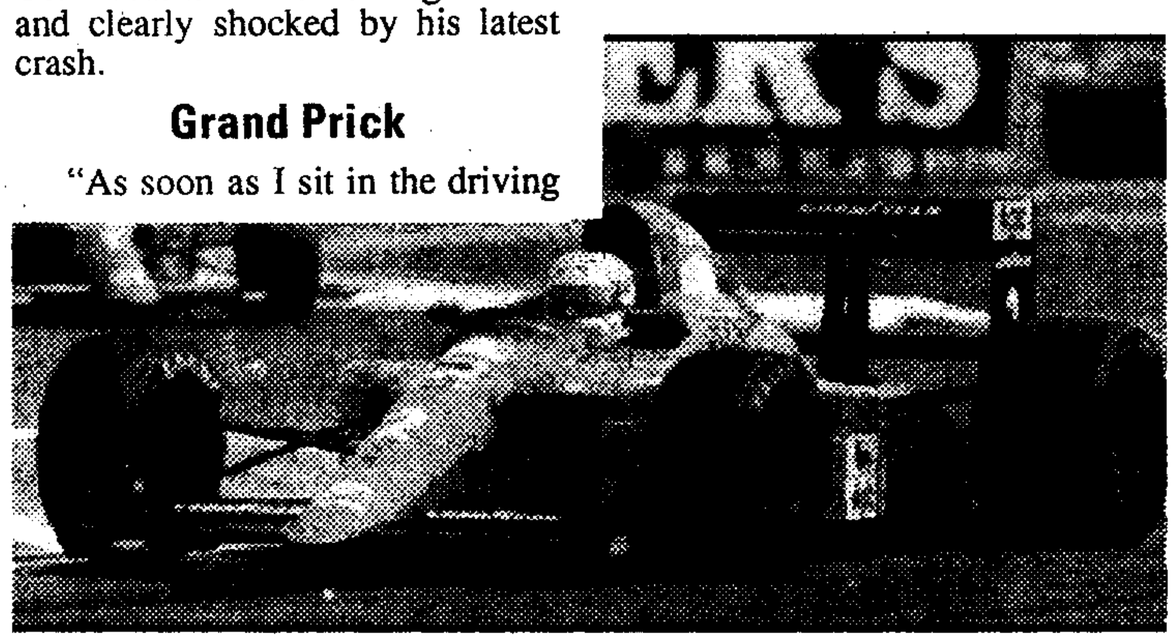
It was a familiar sight. The gaunt, white-haired figure whom the critics have dubbed Mr Write-Off wreathed in billowing smoke and clearly shocked by his latest crash.

Grand Prick

"As soon as I sit in the driving seat, the whole thing blows up," said the former champion gaffe specialist who has left behind a trail of catastrophes in recent years.

"This time it's for good. I'm not blaming anyone, but my support team is useless. Talk about the Pits. That's me."

Sir Ridiculous Nimby is 73.



How they are related

A.N. Wilson and H.M. The Queen Mother

EGBERT THE FOGEY
|
ETHELREAD THE SPECTATOR
|
CHARLES THE MOOR
|
LADY ANGUS WILSON
|
HAROLD WILSON
|
WOODROW WILSON
|
WOODROW WHYOHWYATT
|
A.N. WHYOHWILSON
|
ANNE WILSON ═══

LADY MACBETH
|
SHARON OF GLAMIS
|
THE THANE OF MASSINGBERD
|
SIR GORDON OF THAT TONIC
|
SIR LYONS CORNER HOUSE
|
BEAU DIDDLEY
|
ADMIRAL SIR MACINTOSH MACINTOSH BOWES-LYON
|
QUEEN ELIZABTEH, THE QUEEN MUM
(Don'tcha love her?)

That leaked Chequers minute in full

PRIME MINISTER

TOP SECRET
Cabinet Only
(Copy to A. Whittam-Smith)

Dear Minister,

Ten things you never knew about the Germans:

1. Speak German
2. Beer swilling.
3. Fat bellies.
4. Can't win wars.
5. Arrogant manner.
6. Names like Adolf.
7. Listen to Wagner.
8. Can't be trusted.
9. Sausage-guzzling.
10. Small moustaches.

The above Minute was compiled by Mr Charles Powell with the assistance of Mrs Thatcher and Mr Kelvin Mackenzie of the *Sun* newspaper. The views are those of a group of distinguished foreign affairs experts including:

NORMAN STONE: Professor of Fermented Beverages at the University of Oxford; LORD VERY-ROPEY: Professor of Hitler's Diaries, the University of Wapping; TIM BUFTON-TUFTON: The *Spectator* magazine's correspondent in Albania.

M. Thatcher

(Signed in the absence of the above)

"The champagne socialists I can handle – it's the Special Brew socialists who worry me"

Scargill 'totally innocent' says Scargill

by Our Industrial Staff
A. Scargill

In a one-man report today, the President of the National Union of Mineworkers, Mr Adolf Scargill, announced his findings on the Lightman Report.

He found that, after a long and exhaustive flip through the pages, the Lightman inquiry had "totally exonerated" him of all charges of wrongdoing of any kind whatsoever, at any time or in any place, and that furthermore Mr Lightman had recommended that Mr Scargill should be made Supreme Life President of the TUC with total powers over all bank-accounts belonging to any union.

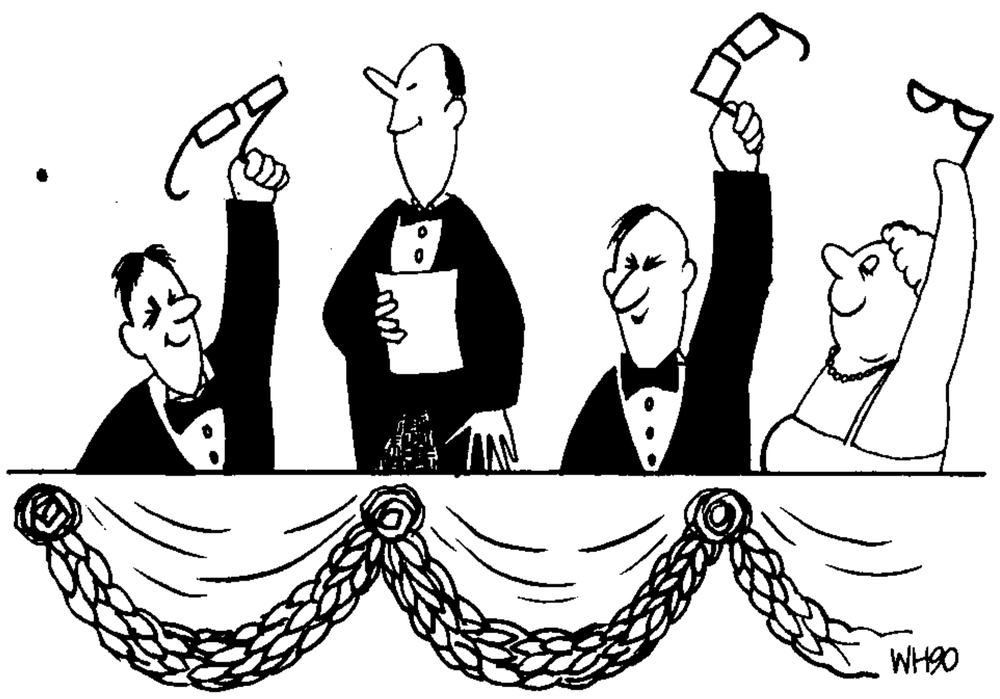
"The passage where Lightman describes me as 'utterly untrustworthy and a disgrace to my office' proves conclusively, once and for all, that I am completely and totally innocent," said Mr Scargill to a 20-minute standing ovation from himself.

Issued by the Scargill-Novosti Press Agency, Barnsley and Moscow.

Dave Spart, Co-Chair Toxteth Non-Poll-Tax-Payers Against Dog Registration, writes on The News Behind The News.

This week: The Media Victimisation of Arthur Scargill

The capitalist media have once again totally predictably circled round like a flock of carrion wolves in the hope of tearing to pieces one of the few genuine Socialist heroes of the international working class movement, i.e. Arthur Scargill, whose only offence has been to protect the interests of his fellow workers by keeping the greedy hands of the Thatcherite sequestrators off the funds voluntarily donated by one group of oppressed workers, i.e. the Russian and Libyan miners, to another group of downtrodden victims of capitalist oppression, i.e. the members of the National Union of Mineworkers and their starving wives and children, when everyday the robber barons of the multinational corporationist conspiracy are secretly transferring literally billions of dollars to illegal bank accounts in places like Liechtenstein and the Cayman Islands, er, while real crooks such as the al-Fayed brothers and Mrs Imelda Marcos go scot-free for committing crimes against humanity infinitely worse than anything Arthur Scargill has done, not that Scargill has done anything remotely criminal unless it is now criminal in this Fascistic country to stand up for the rights of ordinary working class men and women as he did in the triumphant Miners' Strike of 1983 which utterly destroyed Thatcher and, er, totally, er *(contd. p.94)*



"Ladies and gentlemen, if you could all raise your glasses..."

That Lightman Report in full

SIR G. LIGHTBULB QC
Inns of Court, London

NATIONAL
UNION OF
MINEWORKERS

VAT Invoice No.
Date & Tax Point
Our Ref: N.S
Your Ref: SIR G.L.

RE: **Mr A. Scargill**
I, Sir Gawaine Lightbulb QC, hereinafter known as Sir Gawaine Lightbulb QC, being of sound mind and huge fees, do hereby claim my enormous cheque as follows:

To Professional Charges:
Investigating sundry charges and allegations relating to alleged miscreance and tortfeasance committed by Mr ARTHUR SCARGILL and his associates at divers dates before, during and subsequent to the so-called Miners' Strike of 1984-5, and in particular to investigating the charge that the said Arthur Scargill did knowingly and wittingly at divers dates commit an act or acts of scandalum magnatum insofar as he was in receipt of certain monies deriving in all or in part from COLONEL MURDAHRAH GADDAFI of 32 The Old Tent, Tripoli, Libya, and furthermore that the said Arthur Scargill was also in receipt of the sum of 2,412,616 roubles, formerly the property of the GULAG SALT MINES COOPERATIVE of Brezhnevgrad, now Freemarketgrad, which monies the said Arthur Scargill did knowingly and wittingly cause to be used for the purposes of purchasing the messuage and tenement known as "Villa Sandinista" situated at 29 Colliery Crescent, Barnsley in the County of South Yorkshire, and to the repair, refurbishment and renovation of the above property, not to mention the placing of the balance of the aforementioned sums in sundry bank accounts in the Banque des Minieries, Limoges (prop. A. Scargy) and in respect of giving all these matters my full and due consideration, I hereby have the greatest pleasure in submitting my account for your urgent attention.

TOTAL COSTS, DISBURSEMENTS AND VAT **£5,000,000**

PS: I nearly forgot. You were quite right. That fellow Scargy is up to no good. If I was you I'd get shot of him, but don't quote me on that.

ah

IN TODAY'S *TELEGRAPH*

The Queen Mother Row

Peregrine Worsthorne
ON
Robert Harris
ON
Woodrow Wyatt
ON
A.N. Wilson
ON
The Queen Mother
ON
And
ON
And
ON
Zzzzzzzz...

Business Announcements

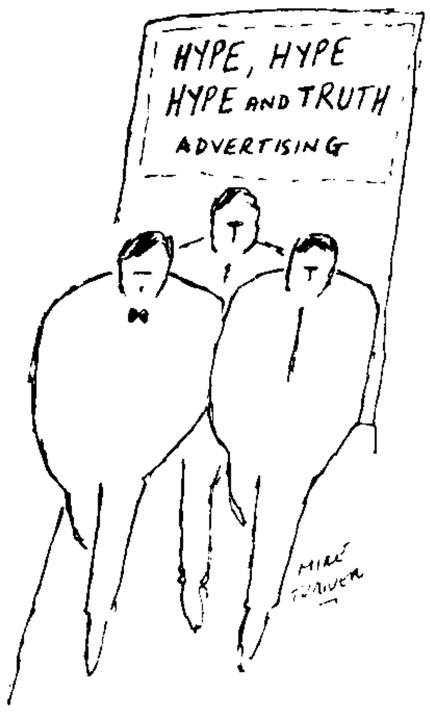
The following have been appointed Non-Executive Directors of the *Daily Telegraph*:

Sir James Goldsmith
Mr Eugene Terreblanche
Lord King
General Alfredo Stroessner
Lord Aldington
Mr Paul Gazza Gascoigne
Lord Kagan
Sir Ronald Biggs
Mr Ernest Saunders
Monsieur Jean-Marie le Pen
Mr Richard Nixon
The Late Napoleon Bonaparte

(That's enough non-executive directors. Ed.)

Great Bores Of Today.

"... hi I'm Tony and today's specials are for starters I have deep fried goat's cheese on a bed of lettuce with raspberry coulis or an ormolu of aubergine with a garnish of hollandaise and crushed sage that's delicious I would recommend that or there are crudités of the jour today's are French celery baby red apples and warm Mexican avocado then to follow I have baby poussin on an assiette of terrine of chilled ratatouille or a mezzanine of cold duck thats little frissons of poached duck marinated in cider and served with a futon of french toast no that really is wonderful we all had that earlier or if you prefer fish we have let me see a tamsin of fruit de mer mêlée baked San Francisco Beach style that's with slices of mango kumquat and passion fruit yum yum or if your taste buds are really crazy we have giant tacos stuffed with blackeyed beans and a marseilles of guacamole and taramasalata à la Greque that comes with side salad or a selection of fresh vegetables which today are..."



"One of us will have to go..."

Man in the Eye

DOMINIC LAWSON

What is he like, this thrusting dynamic young editor with the killer instinct who, in only a matter of weeks, has brought first the Royal Family and now Thatcher's government crashing to the floor?

Make no mistake. Here is a man with a brilliant grasp of the explosive issues of the day who is not afraid to publish and be damned.

"It's a bit of a storm in a teacup," he told me from his book-lined study in leafy Doughty Street.

"It didn't seem very remarkable at the time. Nick made a few perfectly sensible remarks about the Krauts and how you can't trust them further than you can throw them and then I forgot all about it what with the *Spectator* summer party to think about and Jeff's column being late."

It was hard to believe this mild mannered, tousle-haired, ex-public schoolboy could have *(continued page 94).*

YOU CHOOSE WHO SHOULD FILL THE C of E's TOP HOT SEAT

✗ Should it be

A. JOHN HABGOOD?

1. Old Etonian
2. Glasses
3. A bit wet
4. Slightly creepy
5. Sits on fence on everything
6. No good on TV
7. Silly name
8. Totally unknown
9. Er...
10. That's it

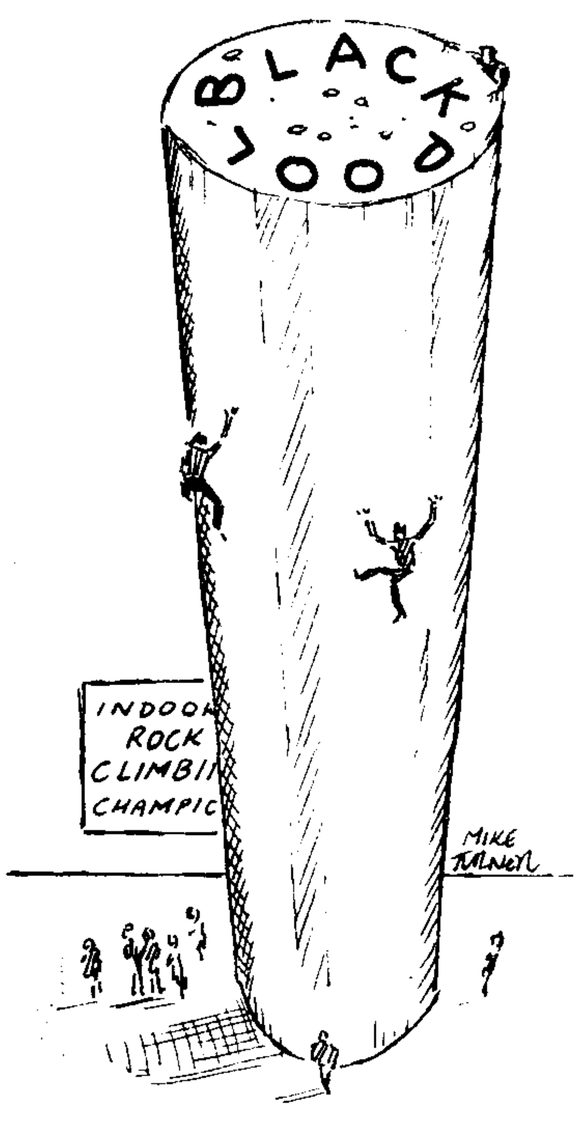
B. DAVID SHEPPARD?

1. Looks good on TV
2. Former England cricketer
3. Played cricket for England
4. Concern for inner cities
5. Once made 200 for England
6. Identified with Liverpool
7. Pleasant voice
8. Took memorial service at Anfield
9. Good TV manner
10. Likes *'Allo, 'Allo*

C. BOBBY ROBSON?

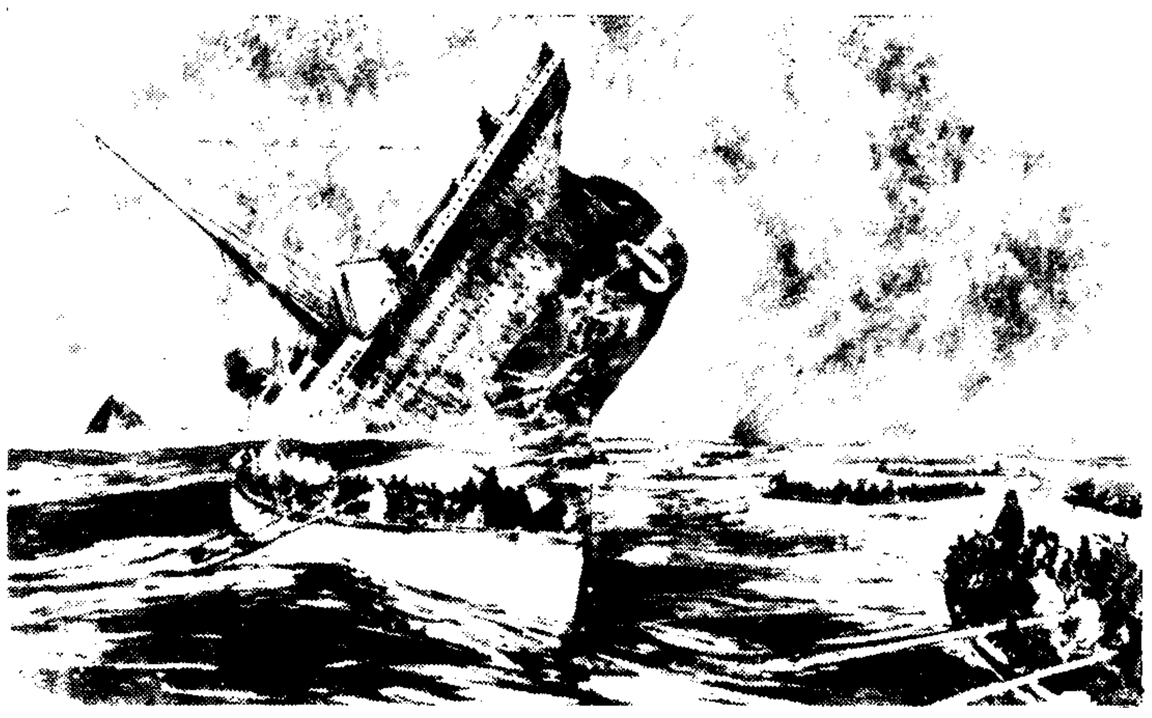
1. Looks good on TV
2. Good sporting background
3. Experienced leader of men
4. Strong moral sense
5. Charismatic
6. Always well turned out
7. Experienced communicator
8. Knows Gazza
9. Recent convert to sweeper system
10. Won World Fair Play award

Phone now with your choice for Canterbury '90 on 0898-222 666. If you do not get through at once, listen to Pavarotti sing 'Nissan Dormobile' from Mitsubishi's IL TOYOTA, until connected.



Titanic inquiry shock

by Our Shipping Staff
Lloyd List



An inquiry set up by Mr Cecil Parkinson to look into the sinking of the Titanic has come up with a revolutionary new theory to explain the disaster, it was revealed last night.

Experts had always previously believed that the Titanic had sunk after colliding with an iceberg on its maiden voyage. Contemporary documents and eye-witness accounts had always been understood to support this view of events and, until recently, no one had questioned the iceberg explanation.

Now, however, scientists on the Parkinson inquiry have gone over the evidence again with modern technology such as undersea laser image refraction. They have reached a startling conclusion.

The Titanic did not strike an iceberg but hit a huge compacted mass of unsold copies of *The European*. Said the team leader, "Millions of these newspapers may well have been dumped in the sea, coalescing to form a giant off-white mass which could easily sink a huge liner like the Titanic.

"An untrained eye might well mistake this floating *European* conglomerate for an iceberg".

A delighted Mr Parkinson told reporters: "If there is a flaw in this thesis, I cannot see it."

Robert Maxwell is 109.

DIARY

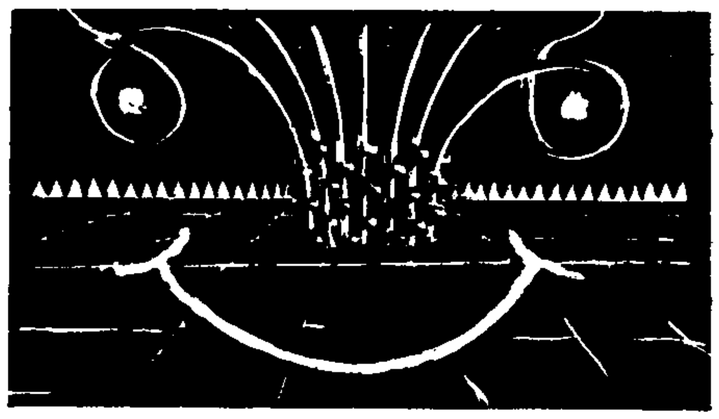
My favourite chocolates are Orange Creme, Strawberry Creme, Nougat and — you must think me *awfully* wicked — a Brandy Truffle. In bed, I stick with Maltesers, in the bathroom it's always a Marathon bar, but never more than three. I find Sherbet Fountains go deliciously well with my 5.30 Whisky(s!) and Soda with *Neighbours*.

Have you watched *Neighbours*? You *must*. I've always had a special place in my heart for the poor people in the East End of London and that's where it's set. They all have the most delicious Cockney accents, reminding me of the time I visited the brave little East End during the war. It seems much sunnier now, I must say, so perhaps I will visit it again soon. They absolutely adore the Royal Family there, you know, bless them, because we lend colour to their lives.

What an awful brouhaha there has been in my *Daily Express* about the way an odd little man called Woodrow Wyatt has published snippets of a conversation with me. Alas, I remember so little about him, though I remember thinking he was rather small and rather fat, very, very pompous and — forgive me — a little nondescript. And he would *insist* upon puffing his cigar into my face as he held forth about this and that. If he is going to tell tales, then I'm afraid I've instructed my people to strike him off my list of possibles.

At the same dinner, I met another writer — A.N. Something-or-other, who seemed much more the ticket, certainly not the "blabbing" sort, but discreet and respectful. I wonder if he'd care to write my biography?

I have always loved writers. And waiters. Writers and waiters, waiters and writers. Too adorable. Of the two, I think I prefer waiters, because at least they bring one things. We occasionally hire a waiter called Worsthorne who manages to write in his spare time and will *insist* on regaling us all with what he has written that week when he should be clearing away, the poor thing. Once, he even sat down to table with us!! Marvellous old character, though. I rather think he comes from the East End. It's full of them, you know. He may well be a "Pearly King". So exciting.



HRH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER

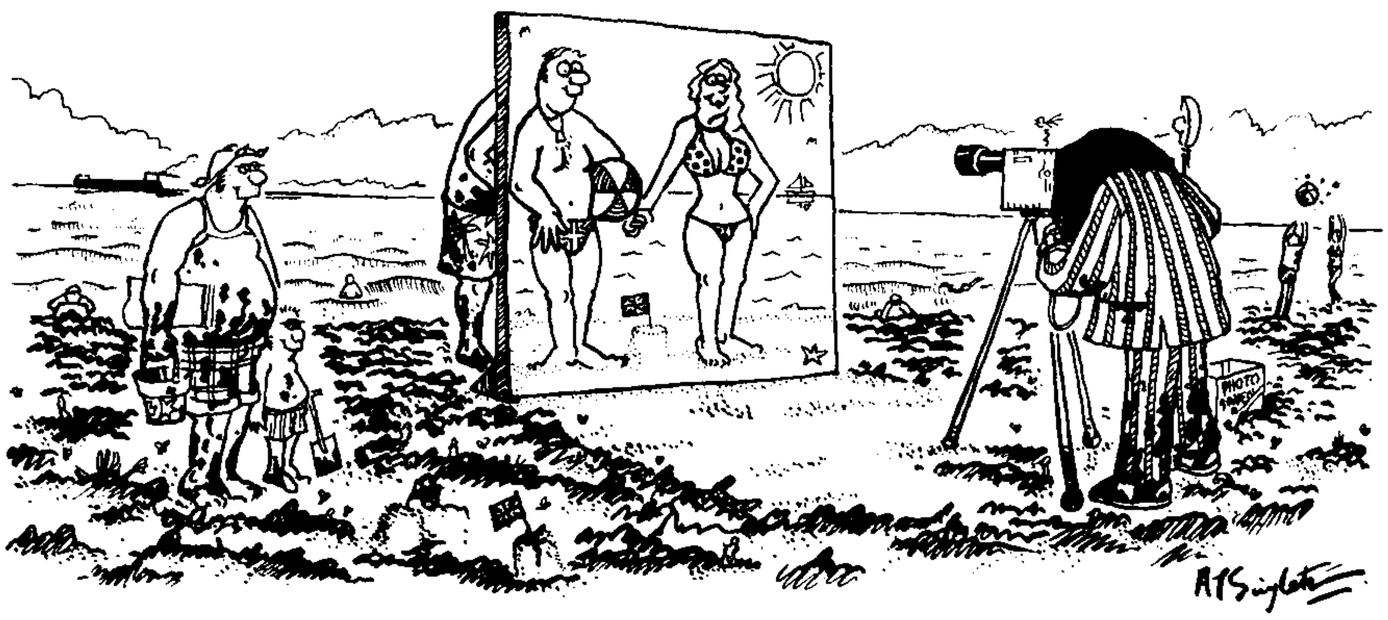
In my time, I've had the very great pleasure of entertaining some of the most superbly brilliant men and ladies this nation has ever produced. Sir Noel Coward, Sir Cecil Beaton, Sir Hardy Amies, the lot. I recall one dinner party with particular pleasure. Sir Roy Strong, the gifted painter, sat to my left, with Lord St John of Fawnsley, the impersonator, to my right. For some reason, artists have always been so very fond of one, and others present had been hand-picked from the cream of the arts, including Mr Eric Sykes, the comedian, my grand-daughter, lovely Sarah York, who has written children's books, poor girl, and Sir Kingsley Amis, the actor. They simply couldn't stop singing my praises, perfectly sweet of them, and as Worsthorne brought around the Toffee Crisps and the top-ups I decided to award a dear little prize to whoever could praise me most beautifully in a maximum of time of sixty seconds.

Oh, the fun we had! I kept time and scored whilst my dear guests "pitted their wits" against one another to come up with the most adorable compliments. The winner? Lord St John of Fawnsley, who called me many charming things, comparing me to a jewel, a flower, a perfectly formed young tennis champion, a rhododendron in full bloom, a mint edition *Almanac de Gotha* and a *crème caramel*, all in one breath, bless him. Amis, poor little man, could think of nothing better than to say I wasn't half as bad as Major Ferguson. I'm awfully sorry, I don't think we'll be inviting him again, not if he doesn't know how to behave, such a shame.

Items in my handbag: tissues; chocolates (Rollos, Wrigley's Spearmint "Gum"); one miniature Gordon's (for emergencies!); one spare string of pearls; one copy the *Sporting Life*; a toothbrush; spare pair jeans for leisurewear; the day's "horoscope" from the *Daily Express*; one tin, Heinz "Alphabetti Spaghetti"; one "good luck charm" (darling dolly of dear Mrs Simpson, plus the sweetest little pins!); yesterday's slips from my bookmaker; two packets chocolate eclairs; twelve thousand five hundred in cash (just in case).

I'm a great collector of words. It's one of my interests. One is so often so lucky to be in the company of very, very brainy people (Nicholas Soames, my grandson Edward, and many more) and they are teaching one new words all the time. "Kew" for instance. Did you know that there are some parts of the world where if everyone wants something at the same time — a Bittermint, say — they have to "form a Kew", which means standing in a line for a little while. Such fun. And "Soupymarket", that's another, based on *the* most extraordinary idea. Obviously one knows about "shops", where ordinary people — largely from our dear East End, I would imagine — offer coins in exchange for a Milky Bar — but a "Soupymarket" is much, much bigger than a "shop", with tins piled high, mainly of broth, hence the name. People — how I wish they wouldn't mutter about one so — sometimes criticise our wonderful Royal Family for living a "sheltered life", but this is most unhelpful and quite untrue. I opened a "Soupymarket" and walked around it six years ago, somewhere in the East End, I would imagine, my driver doesn't tell me these things! Their most charming aspect, I learnt from my experience, is that they let each individual "shopper" walk along the aisles in the company of a manager with no one else allowed in until they have finished. *Such* a civilised idea.

One more very clever new word, if you'll forgive me, so kind. "Dear Swosher". I feel quite sure you haven't heard of that one! It seems that if the kind women who clean your dinner plates for you are on holiday or feeling a little poorly — you know what they are! — then it is possible to employ a "Dear Swosher", which is a sort of mechanical appliance for cleaning dirty dinner plates. The modern world! Such fun, don't you think?



AND GLORY

The Queen Mother at 90

Daily Mail

● A letter from Mrs Thatcher declining to offer anything for an auction at Stanford Junior School in Bristol is now one of the items to go under the hammer this weekend

Kettering Evening Telegraph

Literary Review

Stage frightful

Our Theatres in the Eighties
Sheridan Morley
(Hodder & Stoughton, £16.95)

BERNARD SHAW described himself as a preacher in the church of the theatre, which he called "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man". He might, therefore, be a bit surprised at Sheridan Morley's claiming him as "one of us".

Morley offers this clubbable phrase in *Our Theatres in the Eighties*, a collection of *Punch* reviews of the past decade which borrows its title from Shaw's *Our Theatres in the Nineties*. More than a century separates the two men, however. It is difficult to imagine Shaw saying that the recent Petula Clark musical, *Someone Like You*, "tackles such issues as slavery, feminism and racial intolerance with a cool intelligence". Nor is it likely that Shaw would think it relevant to predict Andrew Lloyd Webber's earnings ("There is no doubt that what we have here [*Starlight Express*] is a major international moneymaker") or judge that, for one derivative waltz, "*Aspects of Love* richly deserves the £7 million that it has already taken in advance bookings".

It is true that Shaw and Morley have one thing in common: their tireless self-publicity. But Shaw's egocentricity served a new and fearless approach to the theatre; Morley's promotes only Sheridan Morley, the janitor of theatrical history, who sets quizzes in the West End programmes and brings out a frightening number of books on Gladys and Sybil and Gertie and Noel and Noel *and* Gertie. His Pavarotti-like figure is easily spotted by literary editors and critics, but he sometimes spots them first and advances, braying, with jovial menace, "Are you going to review my book?", "Why haven't you reviewed my book?", and "Did you know that *Noel and Gertie* is breaking box-office records?" Readers of his theatre reviews are not spared the sound of one hand patting himself on the back, whether he is plugging his latest effort ("*Tales from the Hollywood Raj*, book tokens gratefully received at the usual address") or reminding us of an old one — "the haunting *If Love Were All* (in which I once found the *Talent to Amuse* title for the first Coward biography)". Nor was Shaw in the business of providing theatre managers with snappy quotations for their advertisements. Morley's reviews are dotted with drum-banging, ready-made blurbs which, with his name attached to them, serve the happy purpose of promoting not just the show but Sheridan Morley. Joan likes such bedazzled-first-nighter words as "starry" ("a starry new production at the Lyric, Hammersmith, starring Mike Gwilym and Diana Quick") and "marvellous", as in "marvellous, darling" (*Phantom of the Opera* is "a marvellous celebration" — of what? — with "some marvellously tricky moments"). Though Morley calls musicals with characteristic redundancy "the most vitally important form of all twentieth-century theatre", there is not a single indication, in his reviews of *Phantom*, *Les Miserables*, or *Follies* ("musically and lyrically one of the most richly rewarding treats in town") of what the music and lyrics are like. Readers may also be dismayed by Morley's winsome tropes ("arch as the admiralty"), strenuous wisecracks ("to see timing like that nowadays you usually have to go to work in a watch factory"), and his unequal combat with the English language ("We can take for granted Lopakhin's unstated devotion to the lady from whose estate he is about to evict her").

Plowright makes "a radiant return to the live theatre". *Cats* is not only an "utter and total triumph" but "a total and utter feline delight... Smash hits don't come more smash than this one".

Besides his principles, erudition and wit, Shaw had the ability to recreate the actor's art so that, a hundred years on, we know what it was like to watch Mrs Patrick Campbell or Bernhardt or Duse. Students of Morley's reviews will have to make do with such random, campy adverb-adjective combinations as "spell-bindingly manic", "memorably tragic", or, for a really evocative portrait, "curiously blazing". He also

Even writers who are not pompous and twee can make similar mistakes in haste (though Morley, at *Punch*, had a weekly deadline), but compilers of books usually spend some time tidying up what Morley, oozing chummy disingenuousness, calls "garbled messages I have scribbled to myself in the dark on the backs of theatre programmes". A couple of hours' work could have improved some of the writing, as well as corrected the mistake in a Noel Coward song title and cleared up a mystery. Morley's review of *Made in Bangkok* includes a blurb ("the best new English play since *Benefactors*") and salutes "a serious and strong new play" that "introduces West End audiences to a playwright in the best ironic tradition of Peter Nichols and Michael Frayn". One question, though: who he?

There is one respect in which Bernard Shaw and Sheridan Morley are alike. Indisputably, both of them have beards.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ ONCE UPON a time, when publishing was an occupation for gentlemen, Buggins' turn resulted in publishers near the end of their careers receiving the meaningless accolade of a two- year stints as president of the Publishers' Association.

These days it is usually disastrous for publishers to accede to the office which is no longer a sinecure but takes up much time, partly keeping bolshie members in line but, more time-consumingly, reading the millions of words spewed forth in memoranda by the verbose chief executive, Clive "lock-jaw" Bradley.

The current president is nice Robin Hyman who added Allen & Unwin to his own firm of Bell & Hyman a few years back without altogether realising what a shambles the older, larger house had become. Rayner Unwin, whose one claim to fame is that as a child he'd written a report for his father, Sir Stanley Unwin, urging him to publish Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, gave over the running of the firm to his inexperienced, Tolkien-inspired sons, Merlin and Corydon, and it had to be rescued by Hyman.

Poor Hyman has had to sell the whole caboodle to the increasingly awful HarperCollins under whose proprietorship, no doubt, Unwin Hyman will become a cypher in a larger pool of impersonality, profligacy and inefficiency.

Hyman's predecessor as president of the PA, Tintin-lookalike and translator Michael Turner, was going to be purged from the Thomson empire until he pointed out that it would look foolish if his masters gave a tarnished handshake to the publishers' president. They agreed and discreetly got rid of him as soon as his presidency was concluded.

■ *IT'S NOT only gals with double-barrelled surnames who get jobs in publishing. It helps the boys too.*

Here's a select list to add to the one in a letter in the last Eye: for starters, the greatest living publisher, Sir Christopher Sincere-Stevenson; Mark Barty-King of Bantam (Captain Marvel); his witty colleague and wearer of fake Garrick Club bow ties, Patrick Janson-Smith; Robin Baird-Smith of Constable and his wife Sarah of Darton, Longman & Todd; Jon and Jennifer Wynne-Tyson of Centaur; Stephen Stuart-Smith of poetry publishers Enitharmon; Derek and Hilary Bourne-Jones of Dowlander; Christopher Bushnell-Wye of Ginn; Richard Jones-Parry of Macmillan; A T Lynam-Smith of Reader's Digest; Stephanie Wolfe-Murray of Canongate; Keith Allen-Jones of Salamander.

The exotically named Jane Bradish-Ellames has just joined Mainstream. Nicholas Byam Shaw, boss of Macmillan, doesn't use a hyphen but looks as if he'd like to. Piers Russell-Cobb does, which is probably why he was given short shrift by the egalitarian Octopus.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
I SAY JEFF, I HEAR YOU'LL BE PAID $30 MILLION FOR 3 BOOKS!
ABSOLUTE RUBBISH!
NUDGE
I KNOW - BUT WHAT ABOUT THE $30 MILLION?

Electricity

Power mad

THE long-awaited appointment of a chairman for National Power, the biggest private electricity utility in the world, ends a bizarre chapter.

Over the past eight months, Power has been engaged in the most important negotiations ever faced by the electricity industry governing its terms of operation, contracts for future supplies and direct sales to big manufacturers on conditions that will enable it to crush almost every competitor. Yet all the discussions have taken place with the top job vacant.

Ruthless John Baker, NP's No. 2, has conducted the talks himself. He was the obvious choice for the top job. Even while Lord Marshall was chairman of the old Central Electricity Generating Board, it was Baker who really knew what made the apparatus function. Marshall was by comparison a simple boffin who knew how to split the atom, but it was Baker who knew how to manhandle the balance sheet.

Why then did Baker not slip easily into the top job when Marshall was driven out? Because he is the last person the energy department wants to see winning Power. He is the man the department blames for its failure to include the nuclear power stations in the package for privatisation. He is the one who is accused of trying to drive too hard a bargain.

Pipped at the post: John Baker

In the original statement last November announcing that nuclear plants were to be retained in the public sector, energy secretary John Wakeham said: "Unprecedented guarantees were being sought [by National Power]. I am not willing to underwrite the private sector in this way." Those words were aimed at Baker who had for years praised nuclear power because it was so "cheap" and then, when faced with having to flog it, demanded government underwriting because it was so expensive. He is, like all good organisation men, blindly loyal to whatever group he happens to belong.

It was (and is) also a fact that most of the staff did not want to be privatised anyway, so they were in a strong position to bargain like fury over the terms, unconcerned if the whole project collapsed.

When Marshall had gone, the Department of Energy frantically tried to find someone else to take on the job. People canvassed included Richard Giordano of British Oxygen, already a part-time member of the board; Sir John Egan of Jaguar; Peter Walker, the ex-energy minister; Malcolm Bates of GEC; and Lord King of British Airways.

A limp attempt is now being made to suggest that the man who has finally taken the job, Sir Trevor Holdsworth, was nearly the first choice rather than the last. It is being said in his defence that he was approached in February. But even that was four months after Marshall went.

So it strains credibility to believe that he was anything much more than an also-ran for a job at the head of a privatised utility about to be born, which ought to appeal to everyone in the City with its supposed promise of status, riches and influence.

In fact the post is regarded by the City as a hot seat for someone who doesn't mind being regarded as an arch-polluter who burns coal, oil and gas and faces the task of sacking maybe half the staff without causing trouble that would put out the lights.

The trade unions have been regarded in the past as no problem because their nervous leaders would never contemplate action that would bring the whole country to a halt. But with the new costing system working, the unions are able to find out which power station is the most efficient and therefore producing the cheapest electricity. There is now an opportunity for such men as John Lyons and Eric Hammond, who would never wish to disrupt the country, to pick off the most profitable stations and force the employers to use other, more expensive stations.

Sir Trevor comes from the Prudential, whose activities were observed by the *Eye* last summer when it tried to drive out the residents of the Domesday Book village of Cockington in Devon to make way for more profitable tenants — commuting people in suits from Torquay. After our helpful publicity, the Pru desisted, at least for the past 12 months. This is a welcome indication of his readiness to bow to reason.

● **MORE problems for the phenomenally expensive nuclear power station being built at Sizewell: a jolly Suffolk farmer says he has shinned over the 8ft security fence and sabotaged the plant — with salt.**

Roger Stern, aged 50, of Stowmarket, is due to appear in court next month at Saxmundham. He claims to have planted six to seven pounds of salt in wet cement and has been charged under the Criminal Damage Act with having "a quantity of salt" in his possession, intending to use it to destroy or damage a concrete section of the radioactive waste building belonging to Nuclear Electric.

Civil engineers say that salt, particularly if placed close to steel reinforcement, would speed up rusting. A spokesman for Nuclear Electric said: "As far as we can see, after detailed inspection, there was do damage from salt."

Stern, a former objector at the Sizewell inquiry, will not say exactly where he planted it.

Members' interests

Blaker's Dozen – or thereabouts

SIR Peter Blaker, the Tory MP for Blackpool South with a majority of around 6,000 to defend at the next election, is a businessman farmer whose business interests seem rather more interesting than the Commons Register of Members' Interests suggests.

A former diplomat and defence minister under Michael Heseltine, Blaker lists his current commercial activities as being a director of Advertising Research Services Ltd from April 1988 until February 1990. Companies House, however, has no record of his resignation.

He lists the Telecom Corporation Ltd as a new directorship. It was formed as a parent company to promote a commercial telecom operation in competition with Mercury and British Telecom. He filed that he was appointed in February 1990. In fact he was appointed a director on 8 December 1988 and signed the notification to Companies House on the 10 December 1988, which is a year earlier than the date listed.

Another curious thing about Telecom Corp is its share structure. Blaker held 25 founder shares and these were converted to ordinary shares on 100-1 ratio. He now holds in effect 2,500 shares, which are not declared on the register but are required to be under the rules.

Companies where his directorships have currently not been disclosed on the register are: East Lancashire Cablevision Ltd; Central Lancashire Television Ltd; World Trading and Shipping Ltd; Interpreted Assets Ltd; Ellis Blaker Ltd; Cablesystems Management Services Ltd. Most likely the errant knight has resigned from all these companies and simply not bothered to tell Companies House or the Commons register.

At Ellis Blaker Ltd, Sir Peter describes himself as a financial consultant. Mention of this presumably gainful employment has also escaped the register.

Another curious matter is the question of various subsidiaries of Maclean Hunter Cablevision Ltd of which Blaker is chairman. In various filings he shows himself as a director of Cheshire Cable Ltd, Devon Cablevision Ltd and Staffordshire Cable Ltd. These items appear in his filing under Ellis Blakers Ltd, not Maclean Hunter. This is indeed mystifying because he does not appear on the records of the individual companies at Companies House, nor on the register.

East Coast Cable Ltd is a Maclean Hunter subsidiary of which Blaker was appointed a director on 6 July 1989. This appointment is... not on the register. One company, Broadcast Monitoring Co Ltd, is now a PLC. Although he shows a directorship of it, no record indicates that he was in fact appointed. His shareholding in Maclean Hunter should require some elaboration as well. He holds nine ordinary and two special shares. The special shares are voting shares. Given the company's unique share structure, they are important. Again they are not disclosed.

While Section 288 of the Companies Act 1985 makes it mandatory for changes of directors to be notified within 14 days by a company, the Register of Members' Interests places the onus on the MP concerned.

"It is the responsibility of members to notify changes in their registerable interests within four weeks of the changes occurring," it says on page iv of the current edition.

Meanwhile a trade association called the Cable Association of Great Britain Ltd, a trade body that represents cable operators, met recently with the Home Office to discuss the industry. Maclean Hunter is a member of the association and Sir Peter led the delegation. A association spokesman explained to the *Eye* that as an MP Sir Peter had been asked to lead the group — something he is of course perfectly entitled to do. Under rule 4 in the register he should have declared his interest.

Channel tunnel

Smoky and the bandits

THREE MONTHS ago a frightening rumour spread through the construction world that Eurotunnel was thinking of isolating any train carriage which caught fire in the Channel tunnel by bringing down steel doors to contain the smoke and fumes.

Passengers would risk being locked in like submariners in one of those U-boat films where any compartment which is ruptured is shut off saving the rest of the crew. At the time, many experts dismissed the idea out of hand, regarding it as malicious gossip.

It has now emerged that Eurotunnel is exploring just such an idea and it is doing it to satisfy the requirements of the Safety Authority which has been set up by the transport department specifically for the tunnel.

The department explains: "You would only isolate the carriage after the people had been got out." But how could rescuers be sure everyone was out before the doors clang shut? The French call it a policy of *sauve-qui-peut*, which translates as "stampede or rout".

Some of the details were filled in by Colin Stannard, who was head of the projects unit in the early 1980s. He said there would be a "person door" with air locks so that the passengers could be told to leave their cars or coaches and persuaded to scramble through to the next carriage, without taking too much smoke with them, and not forgetting the old and the babies. It is one of the items pushing up the cost of the scheme.

One of the difficulties, says Stannard, is that the Safety Authority had not even been formed when the tunnel project was launched. It has now obviously decided that it does not wish to take the blame for everything that goes wrong and the unlucky backers of Eurotunnel can only sit back and wait as the authority lays down the law and puts up the price.

In the City

THE SACKING of veteran fund manager Roland Cross by BZW Asset Management came as no surprise to those who know those players already identified as taking part in the "front running" exercise through Dunsdale Securities. Not of course that Cross was engaged in "front running", according to BZW. He was just not dealing as per in-house rules.

Some years ago Cross was a colleague of Gareth Robertson, who had already resigned (Ridley-style) from Swiss Bank Corporation, when they both worked for Barclays Unicorn which is now part of BZW. The two men were known to be close. Robertson in turn links through not just to Dunsdale's £17 million man Robert Miller, but also to Tony Cardoza, late of Statham Duff Stoop, and Deric Homes, late of Smith Keen Cutler and now of Douglas Le Mare. Quite correctly, Cardoza and Homes have not been accused of any wrongdoing. There is also reckoned to be a Robertson link to T.C. Coombs and Panmure Gordon.

Those who remember Robertson from his M&G days say his colleagues often wondered how Roberstson afforded such a high burn rate lifestyle. Especially as he was not given top marks for performance by those at M&G who could have taught him a thing or several about personal relationships with stockbrokers.

Cross was best known as a manager of unit trust funds specialising in small companies. Small companies, lest we forget, also tend to have small markets. And small markets mean large price movements, especially if an institution is active either buying or selling. Stathams, in particular, and SKC were also active in the small company sector. So too were Savory Milln where Robertson headed after M&G.

"Front running" has been known in the stock market since before unit trusts. Fund managers buy personally ahead of orders they give for the funds they manage. That purchase is either then sold to the fund as its last transaction completing its order or sold in the market after the larger fund purchase has forced the price up.

BZW of course assures its unit holders that they have suffered no loss. But the Dunsdale dealing ring's profit is someone else's loss. If "front running" forces the price up or down ahead of the fund then the fund loses.

Increasingly it appears that Dunsdale may have been used as a source of brown envelopes at account day. Those in the ring must now be somewhat perturbed at the prospect that Miller, facing some heavy time, is telling all he knows.

MORE information regarding the list of names (*Eye* 739) circulated by the Department of Timidity & Inaction's inspectors seeking evidence of an alleged insider-dealing ring operating in Ranks Hovis McDougall ahead of the 1988 bid from Goodman Fielder Wattie.

Hazel Willis was one of the names on that list, not that presence on the list implies being guilty of insider dealing. Anyway this is presumably not the Hazel Willis who at one time worked for Binns Cornwall, the City PR firm. Binns Cornwall, it will be recalled, was unfortunate enough to find itself the subject of official Stock Exchange interest in relation to dealings in certain of its clients or their bid targets, such as J. Walter Thompson ahead of the bid from WPP. But as this is not the Hazel Willis who worked for Binns Cornwall the connection is one of pure coincidence.

MEANWHILE as the Securities & Exchange Commission in Washington ponders share dealings in Kay Jewelers ahead of the agreed bid from Ratners, it might also ponder how most Sunday newspapers on 1 July, the day before the bid was announced, knew it was coming. As Gerald Ratner was reportedly silent on the matter, it can only have been from the advisers or the overworked Ratner PR machine — Lowe Bell, of course.

What the SEC may want to know was whether this 100 percent "kosher" information was being circulated by the infamous "Friday night drop" at a time when Kay shares could still be bought on US markets? Kay shares jumped $3½ to $14⅜ on the bid. No doubt another Takeover Panel investigation will find — as with the bid for London & Edinburgh Trust (another "No Smell" client), where the same phenomenon occurred — that no one leaked.

THERE MAY not be many takeover bids to fuel the City advisers' comfortable lifestyles, but those that there are make sure the men in suits are not exactly hurting.

Take, for example, the bitterly fought battle for Globe Investment Trust. Merchant bankers Barings initially negotiated a minimum fee of £1 million rising to £6 million if the Coal Board pension funds were defeated. In between there was also a formula to reward Barings for any increased bid. Alas for Globe (or is it the new owners?) this formula was not capped and it seems that the Coal Board's winning bid of 205p could result in Barings still being paid the success fee of £6 million. Even though the client lost, they won.

FORMER House of Fraser executives should beware. Strange things can happen if you cross the phoney pharaoh Mohammed Fayed.

Take the example of Australian Graham Jones who resigned as a director in January. Last month he was arrested in the first class cabin of a British Airways flight from London to Sydney as he was enjoying a pre-take off glass of champagne. According to the *Daily Express* the next day (19 June), Jones's arrest was due to a VAT fraud investigation concerning the Ferrari dealership acquired by HoF last year.

Information on this alleged fraud was perhaps passed to the police by ever helpful former Fraud Squad detective superintendent John McNamara, now Fayed's security man. What the *Express* has not reported — perhaps because McNamara or the Fayed flaks did not tell them — is that the police subsequently apologised to Jones, brought no charges and ensured he left for Australia the next day.

The whole episode would seem to have less to do with VAT on Ferraris and much more to do with information on the Harrods bank and other aspects of HoF operations Jones may have provided to the Bank of England and others.

THE ARRIVAL of the Great Unbundler Sir James Goldsmith at the *Daily Telegraph* will ensure that financial hacks there get their facts straight about his non-see through offshore empire.

Ten years ago Goldsmith went to war with the self same *Daily Telegraph* accusing its City reporter Barbara Conway of knowingly lying about certain typically Byzantine manoeuvres among Goldsmith companies. Goldsmith, ever the gentleman, had already told Conway after she had written critically about his activities for the *Investors Chronicle* that he would "make her choke in her own vomit". Today he seems to have difficulty recalling this comment. Conway suffers no such amnesia.

At the time Goldsmith complained to the Press Council. *Telegraph* editor William (now Lord) Deedes told the council Goldsmith had accused Conway of being a "liar", terms which were offensive and extremely damaging. The Press Council rejected Goldsmith's complaint saying his comments should not have been made as he had no evidence. But of course that was then and this is now: Conrad Black, not Lord Hartwell, owns the *Daily Telegraph* and Max Hastings, not William Deedes, is its editor.

PS: It is no doubt entirely by accident that *Sunday Telegraph* City editor John Jay was waxing lyrically about the success of the Reichmann family's gamble at Canary Wharf on two occasions just before it was announced that the *Telegraph* was moving there and the Reichmanns were buying its Isle of Dogs building.

Another Guinness Quiz.

Question One: Will Gerald Ronson, Anthony Parnes or Sir Jack Lyons follow Ernest Saunders into the witness box or rely on their evidence to the DTI inspectors?

Question Two: Where is Carole Saunders, Ernest's estranged wife, when not in Switzerland?

Question Three: What, if any, is the connection between Saunders' trip to the Union Bank of Switzerland in Zurich on 11 November 1986 and Ivan Boesky's plea bargain in New York on 14 November?

Question Four: How many of the 11 jurors does it take to produce a draw?

Again, answers — if required — when legal proceedings permit.

'Slicker'

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS 071 734 6887

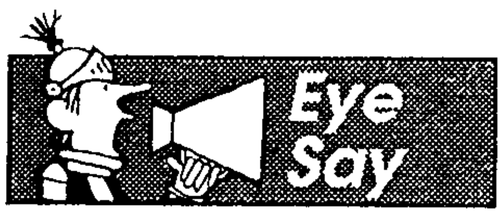
VAT INCLUSIVECLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS

£1.15 per word for private advertisers. £1.50 per word for trade/business advertisers. Semi-displayed adverts £3.00 per word. Allocation of BOX NUMBER £6.00 for private advertisers, £10.00 trade/business advertisers.Send your advertisement plus remittance with your name, address and telephone number to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS/VISA cardholders may dictate ads on 071 734 6887 (24 hrs). Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Please send your ads by 23rd July for inclusion in our next issue

Lenny Henry received a poison-pen letter from a racist. The sender branded him a "coon" — but spelt it wrongly.

The Sun



KATE, excellent letter. Write again with address and personal details or phone 081 441 7083 (answerphone). Box 2546.

GENEROUS REWARD offered for information leading to meet with Kevin, John Flood, ex-Glasgow, UEA, QATAR...? Box 2646.

SURE-LEA it's not possible for a dynamic media-type advertising executive person to forget her talented, beautiful broadcasting type performing arts-type friend's 40th birthday??

DAVID HENDERSON — Margaret Kelly, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Yes, I know you will be soon approaching your first anniversary, and because I'm drunk, disorganised and derelict I missed everything, but nevertheless belatedly God bless you both. PS: Gift on the way to Ireland.

VC: Do you still exist? KL. Box 0146.

MAL, remember Leytonstone? Pls visit — J.

YO! Congrats to Paul and Michelle King on the birth of your prince, PETER.

53ft HOUSEBOAT. Fully mobile, freehold mooring Newbridge, 3 bed, bathroom, saloon/galley, study, central heating. £68,000. Tel 082-287 455.

GRADE II listed farmhouse, idyllic rural setting, views, charm, wildlife, seclusion, 4 beds, 3 recepts, etc. 4 stables plus tackroom and feed store, manage 4 acres. A little piece of heaven in Devon. £250,000. 082-287 455.

TIMBER-FRAMED detached four-bedroom cottage circa 1620 with walled garden and detached adjoining freehold shop on High Street of West Sussex town. £265,000. Further details phone 0903 813133.

CHANCE of a lifetime — Queen Anne period cottage overlooking the famous horseshoe bend at Ross-on-Wye. 3 beds, 2 recep, spacious front hall, work room, cellar, G3 listed, views of river from all rooms, and garden. Offers around £150,000. For details ring (0727) 33749 (24 hours).

CHATHAM, KENT (very commutable and £248 poll tax). 3-bed Victorian E.O.T. house, convenient position, central heating, all usual renovations/guarantees. £48,995. 0634 828346.

GRANADA/COAST. House, seven rooms, sun terrace. £23,000. 071-735 4355.

VERY SPECIAL property in central Bristol. Light, spacious, 3-bed maisonette with walled gardens. Clifton. £120,000. 0272 733649.

BRITTANY: 100s of properties for sale. BRETON BUREAU LTD. Tel: 06284 74256 (24 hours).

HOUSEBOATS on residential moorings West London. 081-569 7613 after 7pm.

RICHMOND — spacious ground floor 2-bed apartment, lounge, dining room, garage, attractive communal gardens, near park and town centre — quick sale £130,000. 081-948 1330.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL. Central flat, sleeps 3/4, available 10/8 to 16/8 and 21/8 to 2/9. 0483 234640.

SUN AND SEA and glorious views. Cornish clifftop Edwardian family house, with all amenities, for holiday rent. Write for brochure. Box 4743.

BBC DOCUMENTARY. Are you a man who thinks that the campaign for women's rights has gone too far? How is it affecting your life? We are looking for contributors for one of a series of documentaries on men. Please phone PENNY on 081-207 8462 or JAMES on 081-207 8022 on July 31st, August 1st or 2nd.

TO RENT — reasonable place in the sun, winter months, for carer and beloved befuddled partner. Box 1246.

AUTHOR seeks serious or amusing stories about the failure of self-employed and small businesses — yours or someone else's! £10 paid for the best and most detailed. Anonymity assured. Write it down and send to: B. BARRY, 8 Waterside, 135 Eastern Esplanade, Southend-on-Sea, Essex SS1 2YH.

TIMESHARE, holiday property bond etc owners' stories — good and bad — welcomed by author of forthcoming book. PINE, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville P08 9JL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL leavers invited to send helpful criticisms of elitist system. Request Clive's research questionnaire. Box 0946.

ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST. Traditional painting style. Seeks commercial exposure. Galleries/private enquiries welcomed. Evenings (0590) 670027.

ACADEMIC HELP urgently sought to restructure town planning thesis (MSc) — South London — can pay. Box 1046.

"EN AVANT" primary French teachers' manual. Box 1146.

EXECUTIVE-to-executive courier: national/international, documents, ideas, packages. Confidential. Experienced. Honest. Box 0246.

ROVING, philosophic idealist (20yrs) seeks direction, noble deeds, hot baths in employment anywhere interesting. Box 0346.

TAI CHI CHUAN — for fitness and self-defence; private/group, various locations: 071-622 6009.

STAGE HYPNOSIS training in London offered by one of the world's leading experts. 071-223 0554.

VIOLIN and music theory tuition, all ages. London only. Ring (081) 903 3516.

LEARN KEYBOARDING and WP in four weeks. Crash WP training in three days £150. Lucie Clayton Secretarial College for Girls. 071-581 0024.

HIV/AIDS ...Fact, Myth & Metaphor. Creative Courses and Resources with THE LANTERN TRUST, 72 Honey Lane, Waltham Abbey, Essex EN9 3BS.

MAKE-UP ARTISTS trained for film and TV. THE MAKEUP CENTRE, 26 Bute Street, London SW7. 071 584 2188.

ITALIA '90 — Will there still be cultural life after the 'Mondiali'? Get your cup final programme of courses (Italian, Art History, Drawing, etc.) from THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, 50125 Firenze. Tel: 010 39 55 284031/2; Fax 287056.

SELF DEFENCE instruction, private/group. 071 622 0529.

FLY a glider from £37. 0494 29263.

THE EYE reader's perfect car? Red from front to back, ahead of its time, a classic Citroen DS19 (LHD of course). 6 months tax, year's MOT and still in exceptional condition. £6,000 ono. Ring 071-790 5623 for more.

BUY MY MINI-Cooper. Bright red, sun roof, leather, original. More info RUPERT 071-582 2115.

PARTNER UNFAITHFUL? Personal/business suspicions? Find out what's really going on. Our matchbox-sized mini-transmitter picks up all speech, sounds, from any room. Received clearly on nearby parked car radio. Cheques/POs £20: CAT'S WHISKER, 41 High Street, Northwood, Middx HA6 1EB.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment. Professional range, free brochure. 083-631 6375.

STD CODE Decoder (1990). STD codes in numerical order with location. Now you know where you're phoning. £4.50. C. Hilton, 1 Privett Road, Foxfield, Petersfield, Hants.

STRESS — Feeling tired, anxious, finding it hard to cope? If this is your problem we can help with the revolutionary new "Stress Breaker". For Details: GSPK Sales Ltd., Manse Lane, Knaresborough, N. Yorks HG5 8LF. Tel: 0423-869575

OLD Persian rugs, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. THE ORCHARD, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871353.

A PUBLIC APOLOGY! There's no excuse for the prices we charge for hi-fi. And we unreservedly apologise to our competitors. Because we sell top brand hi-fi at rock-bottom prices, their customers keep coming back to us. And that's a mean trick in anyone's book. Especially when they find our service beats the high street boys into a cocked hat. Maybe that's why "What Hi-Fi?" magazine said "You can get some amazing bargains". Maybe we're not sorry after all... FREEPHONE 0800 591366 24hrs for your free 16-page fun catalogue/price list.

SCREENPRINTING complete kit. Print t-shirts, posters, etc. £27.45 + £2.50 p&p to: BORROWBY DIRECT MAIL, D2, Thirsk, N. Yorks.

STD CODES numerically sorted. £3.95 from WENSLEYDALE ARTS, Heather Cottage, Aysgarth, Leyburn, N. Yorks DL8 3AH.

EARLY EYES! Pristine — half-price. 0726 72757 (evenings).

100 EYES for sale, from 607. Includes Westland, '87 election, the Davids fiasco, offers please. Also for sale: 60 copies of the Spectator, Oct '85 onwards. Offers? Buyer must collect (West Sussex). Box 0646.

EYES 1963 to date with binders. £950. 051-652 0724.

EYES 339-743. £225. 0387 55250.

EYES 271-745. Offers: 0592 51712.

EYES 219 to date. £525 (ono). 071-736 6221.

DAN DARE lives on: largest display of Eagle characters ever held. Southport exhibition only until September. (0704) 533133.

FIREWORK DISPLAYS for the Connoisseur. We fire at your party, wedding, promotion, etc. Also quality DIY packs available anytime. Contact Stuart Russell at FIREWORK DISPLAY ARTISTS. Tel: (0949) 51199. 0602 203780.

IS YOUR partner a pig? Is your mother-in-law a dragon? Do your friends call you a rat? Find out with an authentic Chinese horoscope from the UK's first and only Chinese horoscope company. For a full personality profile, relationship details, and a 5-year forecast send your date and year of birth plus a cheque/PO for £5.50 (inc. P&P) to: The Chinese Horoscope Company, 72-74 Abington Avenue, Northampton, NN1 4PA.

GET STUFFED — soft quilted fabric words to suspend messages, names etc. 15in high. Birthdays, New Arrivals, 18th, 21st, Anniversaries, Valentines, Specials. Primary or Pastel. Cotton or lycra. £6.00 per letter + £2.00 p&p. To order tel 0273 687567.

TONE PADS — the original telephone gadget. £9.95. "BRUCE", PO Box 30, Beverley HU17 8SF.

ESCAPE to the Caribbean! Professional personal recordings — 45 mins Rainforest, Waterfalls etc + 45 mins soothing Trinidadian waves. On TDK SA90 — £8.00 to M.J. DEEKS, 42 Tunnel Terrace, Newport, Gwent NP9 4BX.

HAND PORTABLE a pain in the arse? Free your hands and pockets, carry it like a gun with our quality leather underarm shoulder holsters. Phone now 0703 671036, PHONE HOLSTER COMPANY.

EVER WANTED A Title? For only £10. Details: S.A. SURVIVAL (P), 5 Gayfield, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland DD11 1QJ.

WINDBAGS helium balloons nationwide. 091 378 9195.

HOT AIR BALLOON flights London/SE. 0784 451007.

FLYING DUCK wall plaques — also Pigs, Gnomes, Frogs, Cats, etc. From £13.95 a set. For catalogue plaques/badges/magnets, A5 SAE to: INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. Access/Visa.

BIRTHDATE / anniversary newspapers. 0727 43277.

CROSSWORD MODUS. Create and solve puzzles on your computer. Includes 115,000-word lexicon. £59.96 inclusive. Details from BEAMSCAN LTD, 20 Vaughan Avenue, London NW4 4HU. Tel: (081) 202 8656.

WANKER stickers, ideal for MCPs, irritating car slogans, sexual harassers, inconsiderate parkers etc. Sheet of 24 £1.50, 5 for £5. From WHITES PROMOTIONS, 48a Eaton Place, BN2 1EG.

LITTLE BUGGER automatically tapes telephone conversations — £27.50. Other devices. Visa/Access. 0983 64024.

BALLOON FLIGHTS £95 on a summer's eve. 081 840 0108.

ANSAPHONE MESSAGES created to order — musical messages a speciality JONATHAN 081 299 2593.

OLD NEWSPAPERS required. 0727 43277.

NORTH-WEST BASED string quartet. Bach to Beatles 0625 522832.

JUKE BOX hire for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 300 oldies/80s favourites. Prices from £80, also sales. 081 318 2852.

PERK UP your party with McKEAN'S MUSIC. Classical to jazz. 071 352 8806.

HAMMIG STRING Quartet. Book now for your wedding reception. Music: Haydn, Strauss, Gershwin. Prices from £200 — 081 671 1472.

BERRYMAN students, Haffenden's biography plus Eileen Simpson's "Poets In Their Youth" are both for sale. Offers please. Box 0746.

HOW TO PROTECT yourself from witchcraft — free exciting details. Box 0846.

THOMAS,
Councillor Cogglethwaite in
Legoville

SMALL PRESS Group of Britain. Annual Small Press Fair 1990. 29th September, London. Exhibitors' application form: 11 Ashburnham Road, Bedford, MK40 1DX. Telephone: 0234 211606.

NATURISM IN BRITAIN. Comprehensive Handbook £2.50. PRISCILLA JONES, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington, Kent.

THE FOREMOST JOURNAL of strange phenomena — sample copy £2 from FORTEAN TIMES (P), 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX.

NAZI-LIKE Jewish/Christian judges, MPs, lawyers, police, social workers, media mediums named in COPS GAZETTE. JITEN BARDWAJ, 4 Broad Green Wood, Bayford, Herts SG13 8PS. "He is... was... the last messiah. Most appearances/convictions in British courts on trumped-up charges."

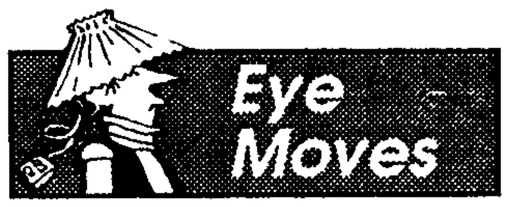
BLACKJACK PLAYERS now have Big Winnings at their fingertips using this unique Guaranteed PROFITPLAY system. No skill needed. 071 723 0651.

CONSIDERABLE FINANCE available for well-presented ideas/inventions — anything considered. Box 1446.

BE AN ANGEL — exciting investment opportunity in new Irish musical. Irish premiere/West End options. Minimum investment £5,000. Call RAY at 0001 766522.

NEW MLM SCHEME. Make lots of money. Tel (0839) 664408 and listen.

£150-PLUS per week working from home part-time. No skill required. SAE for full details to GOWER PRESS, PO Box 260, Cardiff CP2 6XT.



A MAN WITH A VAN— helpful cheap service any distance. 071-265 1218.

JAMES REMOVALS — Household and office, small to large – local and national. Telephone 071 431 1713.

SPACIOUS VAN with driver to help. ALAN TURNER, 081 348 6836.

RUBBISH disposal and removals. 071 602 3036.

REMOVALS, deliveries. Any distance. 071 373 6241/071 373 0175.

G-STRINGS in sexy soft black leather. S/M/L. £6 each inc. Cheque/Postal order to: CC DESIGNS (PE), PO Box 15, Ilkeston, DE7 5XP.

1) COCK — can't beat the feeling (logo). 2) 11 Years of Mag Cow (manic illustration). 3) Salman Rushdie Fan Club "Write On Brother". S/M/L. Cheque/PO £6.50 RIP-OFF DESIGNS, 57 Church Road, New Mills, Stockport SK1Z 4NU. Allow 28 days for delivery.

"JAIL NELSON MANDELA" t-shirts £5.95 all inclusive. Cheques/POs: RBP MARKETING, FREEPOST 500, Cleveland TS24 7BR.

WORLD CUP T-Shirt. "Footballers do it in their shorts". £6 all inclusive. DRECLEY-PRINT, 2 Carthew Cottages, Newbridge, Penzance TR20 8QL.

MASH-STYLE surgical t-shirts, superb beer/curry-resistant quality, ideal any activity, white / green, med / large, collar / collarless, satisfaction guaranteed. £19.50. JAB, 74 Adelaide Grove, London W12 0JL.

ADVERTISING SALES. As Europe's leading specialist publisher of International, Technology and Business reviews and as the UK's foremost publisher of upmarket travel and consumer guides through our subsidiary DEBRETT'S. Due to expansion we currently have an exceptional opportunity for a career in advertising sales for ambitious, self-motivated, articulate individuals. Successful candidates will ideally be 20-38 years of age, displaying the ability to deal with international clients at director level. Sterling Publications Ltd. Based at our Central London offices our top people currently earn in excess of £50,000 pa. Previous experience not essential as full training will be given, therefore this would be ideal for those looking for a career change. Contact TERRY PULVER at STERLING PUBLICATIONS on 071-723 8570 now.

IF YOU'RE into selling, and are prepared to offer commitment and hard work as a quid pro quo for big quids, phone DAVID TAYLOR on 0780 51303 for details. Nothing tacky — just an imaginative sales promotion concept, and a big potential market requiring enlightenment by enthusiastic missionaries in possession of car, telephone and raw energy.

HOLIDAY COMPANY urgently seeks part-time homeworkers. No experience necessary. Good earnings plus free holidays. SAE to HEIN, 65 Longhurst Road, SE13 5NA.

WHO WANTS bundles of cash? Box 1546.

THIS ONE works. Details send £1.50 and SAE. Box 1646.

MAKE up to £100,000! Quick, easy, reliable method of increasing income. Full details send large SAE: 14 Fourth Avenue, Heaton, Newcastle NE6 5YH.

EARN £100,000+ in six weeks. Incredible but true. Send large SAE for details: N. HOUSE, 10 South Close Green, Merstham, Surrey RH1 3DU.

MAKE £100,000 with a few hours' work. No capital required. Send large SAE to: PO Box 21, St Neots, Cambridgeshire PE19 3JD.

MAKE MONEY! (Up to £100,000.) Easily, quickly, legally. Sceptical? Reply anyway. Send large SAE to M. WAKEFIELD, 31 Cumberlands, Kenley, Surrey.

MAKE £20,000 in a few hours. Honest, easy, proven. No capital required. 9x4 SAE for full details: NKP3, 40 Springfield Road, Suffolk IP33 3AR.

BIG BUCKS. Sure and easy way to make a fortune. Send large SAE to A.H., The Old Chapel, Spreyton, EX17 5AL.

MODELS sought by amateur photographer. North-East. Box 1746.

MAKE A LOT of money in a few hours. Simple, genuine, proven, honest, easy. No capital required. Send large SAE for full details. GS, 69a Holloway Road, London N1.

TOP ESCORTS required. Telephone 071 584 3535.

SUBSTANTIAL amounts of money to be made by playing Blackjack. Send no money but ring now on 0989 86318 to claim your free information pack. Or write to: THE GAMING ADVISORY SERVICE, Yew Tree Cottage, Brockhampton, Hereford HR1 4SJ

2-WAY MIRRORS make and install them. Full instructions £5. PO Box 7, Liverpool L31 4LE.

PROSPERITY YOURS? A chance for serious extra income. Part-time/full-time. 071-790 2072.

HOW TO EARN up to £1,000 per month addressing and mailing circulars from home... Send 40p (refundable) to MANN-UPTON, 16 Melford Drive, Prenton, Merseyside L43 3EX.

EARN £100,000 in a few hours. Simple genuine proven honest easy. No capital required. Send large SAE for full details to JP, 94 Wymondley Road, Hitchin, Herts SG4 9PX.

WHY WORK for peanuts when you can work for yourself? For details send SAE to CARRINGTON PRESS, 5 Castle Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton SO2 4QP.

SUPPORT GROUP for victims of corruption in Scottish legal profession. Details from coordinator. Box 0446.

EX-MILITARY professional available for courier/C.Q.P. duties. Box 0546.

CVs. For a professionally written and formatted CV, call VERITYS on 0642 221101.

SKIN PROBLEMS? New German treatment. Phone BLACK FOREST CLINIC, 081 361 5448.

PROFESSIONALLY prepared CVs. 0270 82045 for brochure.

HOME VIDEOGRAPHERS! We convert your videotapes to/from American standard. Also transfer film to video. STABLE RECORDINGS: 0505 85488.

ACCOMMODATION and answering service, West London. Shepherds Bush. 081-749 1846.

MAKE-UP Consultations with a professional. THE MAKEUP CENTRE, 26 Bute Street, London SW7. 071 584 2188

T-SHIRTS screenprinted. Any slogan, any numbers. 0736 66248.

ALLTYPES Business Services — Mailing address, telephone answering, fax, secretarial services — 38 Greyhound Rd, W6. Telephone 071 381 1292/071 223 8004.

VASECTOMY. One visit. 19 Marie Stopes centres throughout Britain. Phone 0800 590390 (FREEPHONE CALL) for nearest centre and info pack. Also female sterilisation.

HERPES? No more outbreaks. Contact BLACK FOREST CLINIC 081 361 5448.

CLOCKMAKER. A.G.J. Fleming FBHI repairs any mechanical clockwork items. 071 228 3727.

ACCOMMODATION address (Islington). Your name, our address. 071 833 3518.

BEST FARES, best value USA/ Africa/ South America. ABACUS TRAVEL, 0462 480680, fax 0462 481697.

EXCELLENT FARES on quality airlines to the Far East, Africa, Australasia and the Americas. Buy with confidence. Call Stuart of FAREFAX TRAVEL on 078 4246607.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — anywhere (almost!). 0272 238288.

USA Best Air Fares. Australia, New Zealand, worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London SE25 6EA. Tel: 081 653 6514.

CHEAPEST DAILY flights to Germany. GERMAN TRAVEL CENTRE, 8 Earlham Street, London WC2. Tel. 071 379 5212.

ECONOMY FLIGHTS worldwide. USA, Canada, Australia, Far East and Europe. UNIWEST INTERNATIONAL, 89 Old Brompton Road, South Kensington, London SW7. 071 584 7594.

LEAVING GNOME? High Ridings Travel have some brilliant airfares. Why not call us on our new number? 0924 471177 or Pseuds fax 0924 475207.

LEARN TO glide with Cotswold Gliding Club. 5 day courses, £235 includes all tuition and flying fees. Accommodation lists supplied. A few places available weeks beginning 20th August and 27th August. For brochure telephone 0242 231031.

NYC B&B and Sublets. US$50 a night. Friendly. Safe. Fax: (212) 260 6931.

GO WILD in Cornwall. Forget the city and connect with nature through a week's unusual walking adventures. Brochure, ADVENTURELINE, 0209 820847.

SW TURKEY. Idyllic secluded hotel. Large private bay, super food, free w/sports. £100/£135 pp/pw. 0926 613566.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Sept-June breaks. Bed and traditional or exciting alternative breakfasts. Poets, philosophers, artists, left wingers. Book now (0736) 798332.

SOUTH AMERICA overland adventures in Patagonia, the Amazon and the Andes. 7-24 weeks from £650. Brochure, tel. 0242 226578.

MALLORCA — 7-day workshop with relaxation and visualisation. Details 0705 830312.

TREE MUSKETEERS play Toby Hall's SKIRMISH. Best deal in paintball. Tel: 071-493 0270.

"STUFF THE SANGRIA" — learn to drive instead. Seaside Residential Driving Courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

INDIA OVERLAND. 9-11 weeks departing September from £895. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 081 840 4303 (24 hours).

TURKEY. 40-day tours departing 26 July/ 18 September from £435. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 081 840 4303 (24 hours).

ALDERNEY CRAFT Holidays: Learn pottery, watercolours, calligraphy, spinning, on our peaceful island. October '90 March '91. ALDERNEY POTTERY 0481 822246.

AFRICA OVERLAND. Superb route via West Africa. Reputable private company. From £1295, 6 months. Departures every October and February. HOBO TRANS-AFRICA 0896 873124 anytime.

THE AFRICAN Alternative. Silverline London-Nairobi departs November and February. Only £1070. Call 0784 483272/432344.

ASIA, AFRICA, SOUTH AMERICA overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hrs).

AFRICA EXPLORED. London to Nairobi overland expedition 20 weeks 15 countries £900. Top equipment used. Why pay more!!?! Departures Oct/Nov 1990. Also Nairobi/London departs April 1991. Phone for brochure 0633 853289. Any questions answered.

TRANS-AFRICA overland. 5-6 months departing November from £1,250. PHOENIX OVERLAND, 081-840 4303 (24 hours).

TRANS AFRICA expeditions 21-27 weeks. £1,200. Depart July, Oct, Nov, Feb. Also 6 weeks Nairobi-Victoria Falls-Nairobi including Serengeti, Ngorogoro — £620, departures June and August. Phone 071 485 4720/0633 257561 for brochure.

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland Africa, Asia, South America from 5 to 26 weeks. For brochures telephone 081 673 0859.

OUR VILLAS are rather Moorish! (Geddit?) Contact VILLAS DIRECT for the best on the Algarve. Telephone: 0734 772272.

THAILAND/ Philippines. Intense and uninhibited, a singles paradise! For brochure, ring 048182 3417.

CHAOS ARTIST needs funds for inspiral research. Box 2746.

SEX, LIES & videotape. Anything in return for filmschool sponsorship. Box 2846.

I LOVED HER deeply; she pissed off leaving her debts. £5,000 will free cultured male grad (26) from despair. Anything please. Reply and eternal gratitude guaranteed. A. Jones. Box 2946.

PLEASE HELP — I need money for toiletries (soap, toothpaste etc), a radio, a pair of running shoes, and money for books so that I can study while I am in prison. Official sources won't help. Private Eye will forward replies to Box 3046.

HELP — single parent struggling to maintain son studying 'A' levels in private education. Box 3146.

LADY NEEDS CASH for breast enlargement operation. Please. Box 3246.

I NEED £1,000 to throw a big party before I leave the country for 2 years — giss a thou'! Ta! Box 3346.

£3,375 NEEDED. Donations/interest free loan. Repayable. To help mother (Alzheimer's disease sufferer). Box 3446.

BERLIN WALL — Sponsor my running of the Berlin Marathon this year and get a bit! All proceeds to The Samaritans. Donation of £3 or more secures a piece of history. Ian, EDINBURGH SAMARITANS, 54 Frederick Street, Edinburgh, 031 225 3333.

CCF APPEAL new offices now required, costs £82,500. All donations appreciated. Free Cancer Prevention sheet available. Donations (£5 - £30); crossed cheques made payable to D. Hall, Treasurer. Box 3245.

MALE RESPONSIBLE but insolvent needs money to buy a Porsche. Box 3746.

WOMAN, 35, 2 kids, needs help towards buying a home. Box 3846.

YOUNG WOMAN desperately needs £200 — please help! Donations gratefully received. Box 4046.

BOY NEEDS £1,000 desperately. Anything considered. Please help. Box 6146.

YOUNG MALE loves ladies. Needs money. Box 3646.

FOR GODSAKE read this and help. Young ambitious male desperately needs £7,000+ quick to get to indep IV form college to enable medical school entry. Donations gratefully accepted and returned. Genuine. God Bless. Box 4246.

DESPERATE — £2,000 for urgently needed operation. Appeal for donations. Box 4346.

DESPERATE single mum. £5,000 debts, seeks gift or loan. Box 4446.

YOUNG MALE wants to become young female. This is an expensive and painful business. Please help! Box 4546.

MILLIONAIRE TO save world. Gold-digger requires millions to plough into ecological ventures, e.g. self-sufficiency, intermediate technology, conservation projects, recycling, environmental publicity campaigns etc. No publicity seekers please. Box 4646.

DEDICATED YOUNG musicians had equipment stolen, desperately require £1,650 to provide live entertainment again. Genuine need. Box 4746.

YOUNG MAN (Cambridge graduate), 23, desperately seeking funds — willing to do anything, manual or mental. Box 4846.

CAN'T COPE any longer. Need cash donations urgently. Please, please help. Box 4946.

FILM MAKER needs £19,000 to complete film. Can you help? Thanks. Box 5046.

YOUNG FEMALE student teacher needs £500 for debts, finish studies. Genuine, please help. Box 5146.

DESPERATE STUDENT needs cash. £2,000. Donations welcome. Box 5246.

YOUNG MAN (28) wants to be a millionaire in return for a friend for life. Box 5346.

COMPLETING PhD, finance needed urgently. Box 5446.

OPERATION RALEIGH venturer desperately needs £600 to help rhinos in Zimbabwe. Please help. Box 5546.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL film company needs £5,000 to go into production. All donations acknowledged, progress reports supplied. Box 5646.

YOUNG WRITER needs wordprocessor to keep up with commissions. Box 5646.

WRITER IN desperate marital battle needs cottage/flat Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire to take estranged kids at weekends, holidays. Can pay very low rent or renovate. Box 5746.

DESTITUTE overseas student needs funds desperately. Box 5846.

STUDENT desperately needs £2,500 to clear debts. Please help. Box 5946.

MAN, 26, wide experience of life needs £10,000 in 6 months. Will travel anywhere in the world, will do anything for money, I mean anything. Discretion assured. Please reply soon. Box 6046.

HELP! Student (architecture) desperately needs £1,800 by October to continue studies. Box 4146.

PERSON TO PERSON — the singles magazine just for you. Stamp brings sample: Dept PE/1, PO Box 4, Goring RG8 9DN.

SAVOIR VIVRE is different. Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, it provides more interesting introductions. Ring 071-581 4328 any time. SAVOIR VIVRE, A SOCIAL NETWORK, 97 Jermyn Street, London SW1Y 6JE.

COME TO DINNER
and meet lots of friendly people,
25+.
LONDON EPICUREANS,
081-367 1896, 081-346 9255.

LONELY woman graduate (45) in Aberdeen wants penfriends. Interests include literature, art, music. Box 1346.

P&S Travelling Companions bringing together like-minded people who wish to travel, (non-group event). Contact: 071 708 4344.

WHEN THE OCCASION IS SPECIAL...
So Is Our Escort. Buzbee's is specially designed to satisfy and accommodate those who are accustomed to only the very finest. Alone and unsure of where to go or what to do, let our experience be your guide. We provide the intelligent, personable and attractive solution for all your social or business needs: dining, theatre, gala affairs, sightseeing and travel.
BUZBEE'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.
071-584 3535/2580.

MATCHMAKERS Introductions offer personal, confidential introductions to business, professional and creative men and women. For another bite of the apple ring 081-458 0246 (Member WAIA)

DINNER DATES — the original dating agency with a difference. We give wonderful dinner parties. If you wish to widen your circle of friends of the opposite sex please telephone 081 741 1252.

PENFRIENDS — USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. HARMONY, Box 82295PE, Phoenix, Arizona 85071, USA.

AS SKILFUL as Marco van Basten in kitchens and better on dancefloors. Attractive male, 29, needs photo of fun woman. Box 6946.

ESSEX MALE, 38, walking disaster occasionally, possibly suit any situation, seeks slim(ish) N/S female personality, humorous first, own teeth second. Box 7046.

ENGLISH ROSE, 24, looking for educated, ambitious, tall man, 26 to 36, to share quality time with me and my cat. Box 7146.

SOUTH WEST. Love in the afternoon — in an English country garden? Heavily married man, 38, needs breath of fresh air. Handsome gent seeks curvy lady for discreet sexual relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 7246.

COCK (53) needs hen, slim middle-aged nympho ideal, for loving. Sod the looks! Middlesex. Box 7346.

ATTRACTIVE, intelligent male, tall, passionate, 24, seeks attractive, sexy woman, 18-30, for carefree, sensual fun and friendship. London. Photo please. Box 7446.

MERRY WIDOW (52) seeks sexy fun and laughter (nothing too serious) with sophisticated/professional male. Age immaterial but think I like them younger (reference available!). Long letter plus photo will receive equally long reply. Hampshire/S.W. London. No Sun/Mirror/Star readers. Box 14546.

COUNTRYMAN, 29, 6ft, dark seeks humorous, slim lady for cuddles. ALA (SW). Box 7646.

MIDDLE AGED Ferrari (43), (man)ual gearbox, seeks carefree liaisons with sleek sports model (la perla?), with very large energy absorbing bumpers(2). Colour scheme immaterial. Post 1965 registered please. Put stiletto heel marks on my headlining in London or Paris. Servicing with style and panache guaranteed. Humour essential. Box 6246.

GODDESS seeks tall Adonis who is playful and capable of expressing his emotions and sexuality. Please send an amusing letter but no photograph to Box 6246.

N. ENGLAND. Pretty, slim but cuddly, happy, intelligent brunette, 50s, N/S, needs unattached man to love and laugh with in permanent relationship. Box 6346.

CARING, chunky, tallish male, 30, seeks chunky northern woman for fun. Box 6446.

SEXY swoonball sought by London-based female journalist, 37. Must be clever, caring and cultured. Box 6546.

WIDOW GRADUATE wishes to meet tall N/S professional gentleman, 35-50, medic preferred. London, Home Counties. Photo and Tel. No. appreciated. Box 6646.

FABULOUS Alfie Noakes lookalike (Avon) seeks fantastic bird with brain. Send photo of brain. Box 6746.

CHEAPSKATE, London, male, 24. Box 6846.

BUSTY BIRD for wicked weekends. I'll totally spoil you with champagne, diamonds and trips abroad. Why not!! Me, tall, divorced, professional, humorous, 40's. Let's talk. Phone, photo appreciated. Box 7746.

FIT, FUN, fellow, 43, good looking too, wants attractive, muscular miss for fun, frolics, 2 falls, 1 submission, whatever. Darkest Essex/anywhere. Box 7846.

MARRIED MAN seeks non-fatal attraction. Box 7946.

39 YEARS OLD, single male, professional (musician/teacher) seeks small, intelligent woman. Leeds (Yorks) area. Box 8046.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 35+, medium height/build, seeks nice female (20-35) for restaurants, countryside, travel, relationship (lasting?), London. Box 8146.

WANTED: New man with his masculinity intact, thirtysomething. Me: loving, tender, playful, vulnerable, sexual, intelligent, 5'10". Box 8246.

AAAAAAAGH ha ha ha!!! Interested? Box 8346.

GRADUATE, 30, male, seeks passionate evenings in South London with experienced woman. Box 8446.

BUSTY BIMBO required for raunchy romps. Box 8546.

ATTRACTIVE Indian female wanted for 3-4 days companionship. Aged 18-24. Photo appreciated. Will reward with return flight to Hong Kong or equivalent. Write to P.O. Box 33568, Sheung Wan Post Office, Hong Kong.

ROCK 'N' ROLL "bitch" for serious commitment to talented, gregarious, well-travelled, North West media man (29). Attractive, intelligent, off-the-wall, "hippy", seeking new start, to share life/home/business. Must be ready for anything! Photo/letter essential. Box 8646.

Box number replies are forwarded every 8 days or so. A box number remains open for 2 months.

HANTS/SURREY borders. Professional, caring, humorous, outgoing male 40's seeks younger, attractive, happy partner/friendship — you decide. Box 8746.

MY MUM IS generous, caring, 50ish, independent, good fun, divorced, professional. Likes amateur opera, travel, eating out, friends, non smokers. She would never reply to an advert like this. Would your Dad? (Or you?) South Yorks/East Mids. Widowed or divorced, honest and genuine only please. Box 8846.

I'M HANDSOME, fun, affluent, 33, 6'3" male. Are you bright, slim, very attractive and sexy, 24-30, N/S? Yes! Then write — romance, fun and passion are waiting. Photo please. NW Eng. Box 8946.

PROFESSIONAL LADY requires, white, professional gent, 30-43, 5'10", tall, handsome, humorous and intelligent for a steady relationship. Photo please. Box 9046.

ASTOUND ME with your second greatest achievement. I am attractive, female, 30, occasionally gullible but advised by dog with incisive mind. Box 9246.

EXTREMELY NICE chap, 6'0", 41, not unsuccessful, not unattractive, not unmarried, seeks gentle flirtation (London). Box 9346.

TALL, 41, gentile Woody Allen but without the easy self confidence. Would like to meet someone to share a carriage ride in Central Park. Or possibly Trafford Park. N.W. area. Box 9446.

ATTRACTIVE LADY seeks lasting relationship with unattached, intelligent, humorous, professional man, 35-45. Box 9546.

FRUSTRATED recovering alcoholic, 27, seeks lady for friendship, cuddling and intimacy tuition. N. Herts. Box 12846.

AFFECTIONATE, professional male, 42, 6ft, slim, attractive and well educated, seeks warm, attractive, sexy lady who would appreciate this man's genuine warmth, intelligence, gentleness and sensitivity. North London/Herts. Box 9646.

IS THERE anybody out there? Professional woman, West London, seeks single man, 40s, for a little "joie de vivre" — photograph please!! Box 9746.

SERIOUSLY good looking, tall, intellectually alive, warm, well-off, humorous, married male, 43, seeks bright, tallish, beautiful, married woman for discreet, monogamous relationship. London. Box 10046.

GUITAR, 21, tall, intelligent, musical, never frets, good body, needs slim, sexy, fun loving feminine amplifier to plug into for long lasting solo. North West. Box 10146.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
071 734 6887

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

YOUR NAME ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER:
(This information is confidential)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH AN ACCESS OR VISA CARD WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

_____ EXPIRY DATE: _____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT WITH PREPAYMENT
(Cheque, cash, postal orders, Access or Visa)
TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE

PRIVATE ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR STYLE: £1.15 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £6.00

BUSINESS ADVERTISERS

- ❑ REGULAR SYTLE: £1.50 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £10.00

DISCOUNTS

10% FOR A SERIES OF 6 ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

15% FOR A SERIES OF 12 OR MORE ADVERTISEMENTS ❑

10% TO PUBLISHERS ❑

VAT INCLUSIVE

PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

REGULAR London visitor, early 50s, 5ft 7in, seeks attractive female companion for theatre first nights. Box 9846.

MALE, young 40, green leftie, single, caring, romantic, slim, attractive, intelligent, limited income. Interested outdoors/music. Seeks slim female similar (hippyfied?) to share life. Lancs/Anywhere. Box 9946.

MUSIC AND ARTS lover, professional man, 42, slim, fair hair, 5ft 8", London based, interests: theatre, classical music, opera, ballet, art galleries, historic buildings, country walks, best restaurants, seeks attractive lady, any age up to 35, any nationality, to share evenings out and weekends away. Box 10246.

NORTH WEST country. Middle-aged, but young in mind, master of compromise, dynamic self-made man of the world. Entertaining, understanding, broadminded and sincere personality, I seek an independent, vivacious and attractive woman for company, conversation and enjoyable evenings out. Photo appreciated. Box 10346.

DOCTOR FRANKENSTEIN? No, but scientist. (Single, 38) Seeks intelligent female to add electricity to life outside North-East laboratory. Box 10446.

BOURNEMOUTH male, not unattractive, 38, seeks love starved lady for daytime friendship. Bournemouth or surrounding areas. Tony. Box 10546.

AWARE, unattached man, 40, seeks thirtysomething woman for friendship, romance, West Yorkshire area. Box 10646.

COURTEOUS, humorous man, 42, likes rambling, sport, theatre. Seeks sensual, bare footed princess, S.E. anywhere. Box 10746.

MALE JOURNALIST, young looking 33, seeks attractive, intelligent, naughty, non-smoking lady who likes cuddly silk underwear and can make me laugh! I'm OK looking, 6'2" and love chatting and listening to long romantic evenings. Photo appreciated. Box 10846.

MALE (39). Tall, single, professional, fun, attractive etc. Engine sound — body good for year. North East, age 25-37? Photo please. Box 10946.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the numbers on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

TALL, HANDSOME, married man, 37, seeks discreet, non-smoking, female to enjoy life with and give pleasure to. Photo appreciated. Midlands/Home Counties. Box 11246.

HANDSOME, professional male, (28) working in PR seeks sincere, single, attractive, professional female (24-30). Please write with photo. London area. Box 11346.

TALL, DARK, professional male, 24, considered handsome, seeks interesting, attractive female, any nationality. Photo appreciated. Manchester/N.W. Box 11446.

VERY GOOD looking, wicked woman, thirties, sporty, independent seeks professional man for a good time and a damn good laugh. 3000 mile radius London/Oxford. Box 11546.

BRIGHT, humorous, endearing twenty-something male, sadly thinks he can act/sing... needs likeminded women to respond to overtures. Wales/West. Photo? Dare to be bold... Box 11646.

PISSED OFF! Cynical, unsociable, proletarian male, 27 seeks girlfriend. (Londonish). Box 11746.

SINGLE MALE, (34) domesticated, humorous, self-employed graduate, wide interests, Greenish outlook seeks independent female for walks, talks, food, fun, relaxation and romance. Box 11846.

THIS KIND, attractive, unloved married man (48) needs secret no-strings affair for friendship and sex weekdays/nights with kind, affectionate, small, good-looking, intelligent woman. My interests: art, church music, running, reading. Your recent photo and long chatty letter guarantees mine in reply. Box 11946.

SCOTTISH, sultry, stylish, sensuous female, 33, seeks genuine, gregarious, good looking gentleman to spoil her at weekends. Box 12046.

WARM, CARING, Loving, slim, attractive lady seeks intelligent, educated Christian man aged 50-65 over 5'10" for permanent relationship with travel. Photograph appreciated. Box 12146.

LAWYER, 52, turning artist, writer, businessman, settling Mediterranean, seeks educated, continental lady, preferably dark Italian speaker. Interests, music, countryside, children for permanent friendship, possibly marriage. Box 12246.

ATTRACTIVE male graduate, 26, single, seeks uninhibited older woman, 35+ for discreet, physical affair/friendship. Worcestershire/B'ham. Box 12346.

UNATTACHED ARTIST, 36, 6ft, fair. Interests: arts/ opera. Seeks female counterpart. London. Box 12446.

LONDON-BASED professional man (29) with sense of humour and varied conversational topics seeks intelligent, outgoing, independent and communicative female. Enjoys walks, meals, chatting and days out to escape from life's routines and usual commitments. Personality counts most but a photo would be appreciated. Tell me about yourself. Box 7341.

NUALA – still awaiting call for champagne and afternoon delight — or evenings — or weekends. Box 5345.

CHANCER'S older more cultured and perhaps because of that less aggressive protagonist virtually has it all in Sussex and beyond except lithe Victoria with the private school accent fresh from (or for) university or similar with lots of friends but never quite the right man. You don't need to go to New York just write letter or note. Photo not important but phone is. Box 4945.

PURE LOGICIAN also lateral-thinking, very positive man, 45, seeks pure logical also lateral-thinking, very positive woman, 20+, exchange photos, exchange letters. Box 5945.

VERY TALL man seeks very tall woman. 6ft 5ins, dark, good looking man, young early forties, unattached, intelligent, solvent, professional, leftish, romantic, Aquarian, likes writing, reading, photography, theatre, debate, swimming, cuddling, sunshine, sea. If you are very tall, slim, unattached, any age, southern England, no children and want to give/receive, one to one, with a passionate man, please write. Box 11046.

MILLIONAIRE, late forties, with reasonable looks and sense of humour seeks a beautiful, slim, affectionate lady aged between 26 and 35 for companionship and romance. Photograph essential. Glasgow area. Box 11146.

GOOD-LOOKING, wealthy businessman (39) dying slowly from terminal marriage seeks miracle cure. If you are in a similar situation and would like to be pampered please write with photograph if possible. Discretion assured. West Midlands/anywhere. Box 12043

SOPHISTICATED, cultured man offers introduction to the arts of love to girl who lacks only experience, not the poise and imagination to stand out from the crowd. Box 8045.

HUMOROUS, successful, marketing director (35), seeks relaxed female companion for travel, tennis, cinema, dancing, photo please. Box 9146.

MAN 50S. Young attitude/looks. No ties, solvent, widowed. 5'9". Needs bright, not big, younger woman. Box 12546.

LONDON FORESTER seeks cunning little vixen. Box 12646.

MAN, 40S, own mind, own flat (London NW), own hair, loves painting, singing, writing, sun, theatre, freedom. Seeks lively, independent woman. Box 12746.

INDEPENDENT WOMAN, intelligent, N/S, 32, with demanding career and menagerie, seeks energetic male anchor to slow her down. Country pursuits, not trivial. S.E. Box 12946.

GOOD LOOKING male, 25, seeks slim older woman for fun, uncomplicated relationship. London, S.E. Box 13046.

CANCERIAN MALE, 52, tired of females who play Wooden Leg and Rapo, seeks Aquarian/Leo/Virgo/Scorpio female in thirties, tired of men who play Macho Missionaries. Interests in playing Happy Families (new, not ready made!) essential. Essex. Box 13146.

HANDSOME, professional male (25) seeks attractive, intelligent female. North West. Box 13246.

UNDEREXPLOITED businessman (48) tall, amusing, fit, educated, married, seeks discreet, resourceful lady to entertain and kindle old and new interests. N London area. Box 13346.

BRAINY black, blonde or brown bombshell, 24-34, and funloving, sought by slightly crazy professional man to spoil. Why should I need a photo? Short letter and tele no. so that I can invite you to dinner. Box 13446.

SINGLE FATHER (widower) of delightful 2 year old daughter, Oxbridge linguist, photojournalist, teacher. Interests include visual arts, Europe, travel, politics, nature, books, film, laughter, family life. Age 44, looks 37. Seeks intelligent, independent, unconventional woman (parent?) for equal relationship. Daughter would love a new mum. London. Box 13546.

AFFLUENT, kind, single man, young 36, seeks smart, attractive, intelligent girl, under 33, for light-hearted, mutually indulgent relationship including theatre, dining and Balls. London area. Box 13646.

GRADUATE MALE, 24, sporty, not fanatical, fun loving, not extreme. Seeks spontaneous relationship with a woman 25+. South Yorks. Photos exchanged. Box 13746.

LECTURER, single, male, 27, seeks bright young lady, 20-35 for fun, adventure and romance. South West. Box 13846.

REASONABLE looking, uncomplicated, middle aged divorced man seeks lady to write to initially. Well — you might be appalling. 6'0" tall, slim. Own business. Likes reading, art, jazz. Hates politics, religion, TV. Worcs/Gloucs area. Box 13946.

APPEALING BLONDE, 26, graduate with career, sometimes shy, always warm, sexy and funny, seeks tall, talented London man (28-40) to pool affection, dreams. Box 14046.

SEX and housework in rural Wales. English bohemian entrepreneur, own house, two kids, no time, needs intelligent, caring lady, 30+. Please ring 0559 384 584 evenings.

SEEMINGLY stunning, unaffected girl (promise) needs lots of affection from gorgeous male, who isn't under the impression that he's God's gift to women — but probably is!! Box 14146.

BORED MALE, 28, seeks attractive housewife for daytime fun, fun and more fun. Discretion assured. Photo/tel essential. N/NW London. Box 14246.

UNDERGRAD MALE, 21, into travelling, walking, flicks, seeks female. Budget Europe Sept "90"? Photo appreciated. Box 14346.

CREATIVE young man seeks summer passion with hot lady. Any age. London/Essex. Box 14446.

SINGLE, tall, fair, thinking, humorous, sensitive, thin man, 38, with hair seeks similar warm, slimish, sincere woman, 27/33. Kent/London. Box 15046.

SORRY KYLIE it's over. Professional man, 40, seeks new bright, attractive lady for fun and much more. Singing optional. West London. Box 14646.

FEMALE LAWYER, 5-2", 36, N/S, enjoys travelling, theatre, evenings out and animals. Missing that special someone to share the above and quiet evenings in. Seeking professional male, similar interests and sense of humour. London/South coast. Photo appreciated. Box 14746.

They understand me in Beaconsfield

NEW MERCEDES SL SPORT

35 Minutes from the West End

HUGHES BEACONSFIELD

APPOINTED DEALER Mercedes-Benz

(0494) 672141

OLIVETTI LAPTOP M 15 +

- 20Mb
- 512K RAM
- BACKLIT DISPLAY
- MAINS/BATTERY POWER

UNDER HALF LIST PRICE!

IBM compatible laptop PC inc 20Mb hard disk, 3½" floppy, backlit 10" screen & option of mains/NiCad battery power. Inc MS DOS 3.3. and carrying case List price £1650.

£599 + VAT

Morgan Computer Co.

64-72 NEW OXFORD STREET, WC1. 071-255 2115
179 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W1. 071-636 1138

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS The wilder shores of Greece. Unspoilt. Remote, lovely uncrowded beaches
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered
KARPATHOS Remote, rugged, wild beauty, lovely sandy beaches. Traditional costumes.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, good watersports, azure seas lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil serene beauty
SKIATHOS Cosmopolitan, beautiful beaches, fun. Watersports galore Fantastic nightlife.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches, Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt, Friendly.
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting, Quiet secluded beaches. Excellent seafood tavernas.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .. for lovers. Traditional island houses.

SELF CATERING HOLIDAYS for the discriminating. It's all in our amazingly honest brochure

062 982 4881 (24hrs) Sunday 10 - 6
ATOL 1424 ABTA 39570 AITO

LASKARINA LTD Holidays
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

MAGUS Holidays Ltd 0344 777913

GREEK ISLANDS

MAGICAL HOLIDAYS ON UNSPOILT ISLANDS

plus VIP yacht charter cruises
Twin-centre and combined yacht & island holidays
Open 9-7
Weekends 10-4

★THE WORLD'S MOST *OUTRAGEOUS* BOOK... ★

SEX WITH YOUR HAMSTER

explicitly illustrated!

£3.95 + 45p p&p (postage free on two or more)
BUZZ, 146 Hammersmith Grove, London W6 7HE

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE: 081 748 9374
(Access/Amex/Visa)

QUICK, NEAT AND EASY!

PRIVATE EYE BINDERS

Each binder holds 26 issues – a year's worth – and is attractively bound in dark blue with the PRIVATE EYE logo in white on the spine.

The UK price is now £6.50 including postage, packing and VAT. For overseas orders please add 35p.

WHY NOT PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW?

Send the completed order form below with your remittance to: Private Eye Binders, Mortimer House, 230 Lavender Hill, London SW11. Telephone 071 228 0425

ORDER FORM

I enclose PO/cheque value £ . . . . . for . . . . Private Eye binders *or*

please charge ☐ ACCESS ☐ VISA Card expires:___ /___

Card number:

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS. . . . . .

. . . . . DATE. . . . . .

Please print and use the postcode

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £13 Europe & Eire: £19 Elsewhere: Surface £19 Air £24

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . .

OR

Please charge ACCESS ☐ VISA ☐ Card expires: _____ /_____

Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071·228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071·924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

DOCTOR on call

Call now to hear tv personality Christine Webber, interviewing Dr. David Delvin, on those questions you'd like answered.

Health
26 Arthritis
27 Headaches
28 Feeling below par
29 Anxiety/tension
30 AIDS - the truth
32 Back pain
34 Depression

Sex
47 Turning a woman on
48 Turning a man on
49 Finding the best position for sex
51 Sexual fantasies
52 Female sexual problems
50 Common sexual questions
54 Relieving frustration - ladies
55 Relieving frustration - men
56 Is there anything wrong with this doctor?
59 The big "O" - ladies only
61 The big "O" - men only
62 How to beat impotence
64 When love is a pain
66 Being a skilled husband
70 Being a skilled wife
40 Why don't women fancy me?

dial **0898 4488** + the number you want

Dr. Delvin is a member of the BMA. Falside Ltd. PO Box 180, Guildford.
Calls cost 25p per min cheap, 38p per min at all other times.

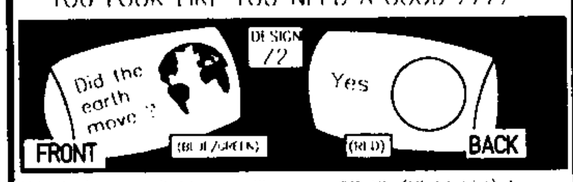
1989 CLARETS

Latour	525.00	582.00*
Palmer	265.00	294.00*
Pichon Lalande	239.00	266.00*
Leoville Barton	128.00	142.00*

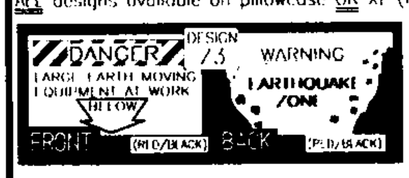
All prices £ per dozen in bond London
* Split payment, half now – half Jan 92 (delivery time)
Ask for our Price List & Tasting Notes
NIGEL BARING & CO LTD
WINE MERCHANTS
20d Ranston Street, London NW1 6SY
Tel: 071-724 0836 Fax: 071-706 0548 Tx: 22394

ZZZZ PILLOWCASES **TAKE ME TO BED !**

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A GOOD ////



ALL designs available on pillowcase OR XL (Nightshirt) for ONLY £ 6.95 INC P&P



SOLVE ALL YOUR PRESENT PROBLEMS

Cheques to ////. Dept. P.5, The Idea Factory, P.O. Box 112 Kidlington, Oxford, OX5 2RW
FREE Instruction Manual supplied. Allow 9 months for delivery

GIVE YOUR LOVER ONE BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE DOES

Front Page News

MAKE YOUR OWN NEWS!

♦♦♦♦ WEDDINGS ♦♦♦♦
♦♦♦ ANNIVERSARIES ♦♦♦
♦♦♦ RETIREMENTS ♦♦♦
♦♦♦♦ BIRTHDAYS ♦♦♦♦
♦♦♦ CLUB PROFILES ♦♦♦
♦♦ EMBARRASS FRIENDS ♦♦
♦ TAKE THE MICHAEL ♦
♦ PRESENTATIONS etc. ♦

Now you can have the Front Page of a tabloid newspaper dedicated entirely to you (or your friends/etc.).
Front Page News now offers you the chance to be an editor — just supply us with your Title, Headlines, Pictures, Copy, Cartoons etc. and for just **£75 inc. VAT & P&P,** we will produce a Front Page, mounted and encapsulated in plastic to last for life.
To become an Editor send for your free information/example pack (or alternatively send your copy & £25 deposit - Cheques payable to Font 1) to:
FRONT PAGE NEWS, 53 HUMFREY LANE, BOUGHTON, NORTHAMPTON NN2 8RQ.
TEL: (0604) 821221. FAX: (0604) 821449

INDEPENDENT TRAINING for TELEVISION

Weekend courses for job hunters in an expanding TV industry. Practical tuition by working broadcaster: camerawork, VTR, lighting, graphics and post production. Industry recognised with excellent contacts and placement record.

Electronic News Gathering: For journalists wanting to enter television: the "News Package". Recording interviews, reporting to camera, commentary writing and ENG editing.

Production Management Plus: Crew and resource management: shooting and post production. "Hands-on" all operational roles. Ideal intro. for ambitious media folk.

Course fee: £175 / Weekend
Enrolment / info:
John Cammish, tel. 081-748-0065

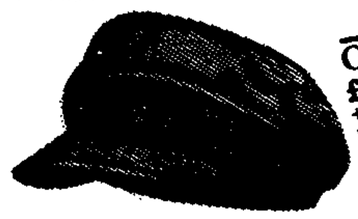
Clobber by Tony Hancock's YOBS

Sweatshirt & T-Shirt one size: XL COLOUR: BLACK
T-Shirt · £7.99 + 75p P.P.
Sweat Shirt · £11.99 + 75p P.P.

OFFER APPLIES TO U.K. & N. IRELAND ONLY
(PLEASE ALLOW UP TO 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY)
SEND CHEQUES / P.O. TO :
TEE-CHEST PRINTWEAR LTD
FAIRFIELD ROAD
MARKET HARBOROUGH
LEICESTERSHIRE
LE16 9QT Tel: 0858 33550

Get Clobbered by PRIVATE EYE'S YOBS
Soon at BURTONS MENSWEAR

THE BRETON CAP



ONLY £11.95 +£1.00 p&p

Classic navy fisherman's hat.

THE BASQUE BERET

ONLY £9.95 +£1.00 p&p

As worn by French onion sellers!
Black or Navy 100% wool with silky lining Sizes 6¾, 6⅞, 7, 7⅛, 7¼, 7⅜, 7½.
Orders to:
The Breton Shirt Company, Dept. HP3
99 Watermoor Rd., Cirencester
Glos. GL7 1LD Or Phone
(0285) 652997 with your Credit Card no.

The AMAZING SWISS WINE CHILLER

Thanks to its unique freezer elements this smart black and chrome table unit will chill a bottle of wine faster than a fridge, and can keep your bottles chilled for up to five hours. It even converts to an ice bucket. Great for indoors and out. Stylish and practical.

£13.99 + £1.50 p&p.

Orders and cheques to:
The Cookshop Plus
325 London Road
Westcliff-on-Sea
Essex SS0 9DU

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 0702 332922

DARE YOU RING THE...

NAUGHTY JOKE LINE

0898 800 250

JOKE OF THE CENTURY 0898 800 258

FAT FREDA'S RUDE JOKES 0898 800 256

DIAL-A-SLAG 0898 800 261

SEX WITH YOUR HAMSTER 0893 800 260

WILLIE JOKES 0898 800 255

ULTRA-NAUGHTY JOKELINE 0898 800 259

TASTELESS TIM'S BAD TASTE JOKES 0898 800 252

THE ULTIMATE THRILL...

DORIS DROPS 'EM!

HEAR HER NOW 0898 800 253

BUZZ HUMOUR 146 HAMMERSMITH GROVE W6 7HE

5p PER 12 SECS CHEAP RATE 5p PER 8 SECS AT ALL OTHER TIMES INC. VAT

TAURUS PINE BEDS

333 Kilburn High Road London NW6 Open Mon-Sat 10am-6pm

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP
'Despite being the cheapest, among the very best' TIME OUT
Telephone: 071 624 3024/3205 for brochure and information

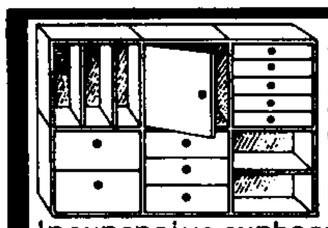
DOUBLES FROM £50 · MATTRESSES ALSO AVAILABLE

MEL CROUCHER -COMPUTER FUN LINE 0898 299399

New entertaining event Starts EVERY MONDAY

charged at 25p per min cheap rate 38p per minute at all other times
Proprietor-B.Everiss, PO. Box 71. Kineton. Warwick, CV35 0XA.

CUBES SHELVING TRESTLES DESKS ETC



Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also Sflk/Notts

ISSN 0032-888X

FUTON EXPRESS

Double Sofa-Beds from £89

Colour Brochure

23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

PAPER LANE Tel. (0905) 27452 *Allow 28 days*

LATIN T-SHIRT
Express your feelings at work, college, prison, etc., without people knowing what the hell it means!

T-SHIRTS £5.99 EACH (inc. P. & P.)

BIG BAGGY ONE SIZE ONLY
BLACK ON WHITE

LATIN FOR "DON'T LET THE BASTARDS GET YOU DOWN"

TO ORDER: Send payment to "PAPER LANE", DEPT. B, The Studio, 4 Foregate Street, Worcester, WR1 1DB.

PRIVATE EYE BACKNUMBERS

Mortimer House, Lavender Hill, London SW11

Full details from 01 228 0425

9 770032 888013 29

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 071-223 9971